HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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FISHERY FIGURES.

AMERICAN FISHERMAN. "What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; *a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.*"

CALIBAN (*with burden*). "Do not torment me: Oh!"—SHAKSPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 69 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued February 22, opens with an exciting ice-boat story of the Tappan Zee, entitled "How the Pennant was Won," with a spirited illustration by the author. It also contains one of Aunt Marjorie Precept's "Bits of Advice" on going to a party; "The Weeping-Willow," and how it came to America, by* BENSON J. LOSSING; *a description of the Indian boys' game of "Buffalo," illustrated by* CARY; *Chapter Eleven of "Toby Tyler," illustrated; "The Tall Pine," a story for Washington's Birthday; a full page of Coasting Sketches, drawn by* F. S. CHURCH; *"Romeo and Juliet," a story by* F. W. ROBINSON, *illustrated; a "Sea-Breeze," from* BESSIE MAYNARD *to her doll Clytemnestra; Chapter Four of "Phil's Fairies," in which Phil receives a promise of better times, illustrated by* JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD; *a page of "Pinafore Rhymes," with five illustrations; "The Game of Kangaroo," a new game invented especially for the readers of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *and which they will find very entertaining. A full Post-office Box, containing among other things a long letter from a little girl in India, and numerous offers of exchange; besides poems, puzzles, and other attractions.*

THE SIGN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE situation in the Pennsylvania Legislature is a striking illustration of a fact which has been often observed, namely, that the Republican party contains a large class of independent men who will not be whipped into line by any overseer, and who are perfectly capable of dealing with the familiar absurdity that surrender to the machine is the indispensable condition of success. It is certainly not creditable that the will of one man, or of one family, should direct the Republican party of any State, unless the will be that of the most unquestioned superiority of intellect and character. That is a natural leadership, the leadership of CHATHAM, of SAM ADAMS, of HAMILTON, of JEFFERSON, of WEBSTER, CLAY, and CALHOUN, of GLADSTONE, BRIGHT, and DISRAELI, of LINCOLN, SUMNER, and SEWARD, to which there is an instinctive and willing loyalty. But a leadership of patronage, of bribery and corruption, whether by money or place, the more absolute it is, is the more disgraceful. This kind is known in our contemporary politics as the machine; that is to say, the ascendency of a knot or ring of politicians originally secured by the disposition of patronage, and maintained both by patronage and the force of organized association. The head of a system of leadership of this kind is properly called a boss, because he is simply an overseer of a gang of slaves; he is not an intellectual and moral chief of self-respecting men. This system has long prevailed in Pennsylvania, and the Republicans who refuse to support the machine candidate for Senator are protesting, not against a man, but a system. They are numerous enough to prevent a majority for the machine candidate so long as the Democrats support their own candidate, and they have steadily held together, changing their candidate when the machine candidate was changed. They declined to take part in the caucus, and the machine men can do nothing but rail at them as irregular. But that is absurd. The anti-machine Republicans have done nothing irregular. They merely decline to be bound by the action of a caucus in which they took no part. The plea that they oppose a majority of the party is futile, because if such an expression of the will of the majority as a caucus nomination should be held to bind those who refuse to take part in it, the same majority, which is a mere fraction of the whole Legislature, could assert a right to determine all legislative action. A majority rightfully obtained must decide, undoubtedly, in the final appeal. But the final appeal in the election of Senator is to the Legislature, where a majority will certainly elect. But, besides this, there is always doubt of the rightfulness of a machine majority in a caucus or a convention, because of the probability that it has been procured by illicit means.

Without raising that question, however, in the Pennsylvania case, it is enough that having placed themselves under no obligation to the action of the caucus, the independent Republicans vote steadily and unitedly for an undoubted Republican who does not wear the collar of the machine. Their action is a very significant sign of the political situation. The protest against the dull despotism of a machine is numerically very large in the Republican party, although it is very imperfectly organized. Indeed, such organization is difficult, because it is organization within an organization. But even in New York, where the machine system is complete, the New York *Herald* estimated before the election that a majority of the party is anti-machine, and the Chicago Convention, at which the machine had made the most elaborate, careful, and unscrupulous preparations for victory, proved to be its Austerlitz. "306," a number swollen by every possible strain of the machine, was the exact measure of the minority; and the Cincinnati *Commercial* pointedly says that while the "306" represented thirty Republican constituencies, the delegates of the majority represented more than one hundred and thirty Republican constituencies.

If it be retorted that the majority delegates represented merely another machine not yet established, or a combination of other machines, the reply is that in contests of this kind the nearest and most menacing evil is the proper point of attack. Assuming that Mr. BLAINE and Mr. SHERMAN are as much machine men as Mr. CAMERON, Mr. LOGAN, and Mr. CONKLING, yet when the immediate question was the dominance of a machine which, already established in two or three great States, aimed to extend its supremacy through the Union, the proper course was evident. The Republican opponents of all machine rule at once united with BLAINE men and SHERMAN men and all other available allies, without inquiry into motives, to avert the nearest evil. No sensible man would refuse to fight the bear which is about to grapple him, because he may have to fight a wolf to-morrow. Our fathers struggling to throw off the yoke of British monarchy, which was their immediate peril, did not disdain the help of the French monarchy, although it was very possible that they might be obliged afterward to fight France, for which, indeed, a few years later they made ready. The nomination of General GARFIELD, effected by a combination of BLAINE votes and SHERMAN votes and EDMUNDS votes and other votes, was not abstractly an anti-machine victory, but it was the overthrow of a combination which would have nationalized the most despotic and dangerous machine in the country. Undoubtedly the friends of that baffled combination will watch the GARFIELD Administration from the beginning with jealous suspicion and a hostile disposition. But it is probable that the Administration will be sustained by all the Republican elements which united in the GARFIELD nomination—at least until the Administration itself betrays its unworthiness of support. We do not mean that we suppose General GARFIELD desires or designs to "make war" upon any section of his party, but only that he comprehends the situation perfectly, and will hardly submissively permit war to be made upon him. The Senatorial dead-lock in Pennsylvania will show him, even supposing him not to know, how firm and resolute is a certain Republican opposition to mere trading and patronage politics, and how much stronger his Administration will be if it does not lose the earnest support of that opposition. Those who advise him to despise it as a worthless faction, forget what General GARFIELD probably remembers, that the change of a very few thousand votes in New York would have elected the Democratic candidate.

THE WALLACE AMENDMENT.

SENATOR WALLACE has proposed a constitutional amendment regulating the election of President, which deserves attention for its simplicity and for the sound principle which underlies it. The constitutional intention is that the President shall be elected by the States in accordance with conditions which it prescribes, and that Congress shall attend at the declaration of the vote of each State. There is no hint or suggestion in the Constitution of a power in Congress to do more than this, except that if it should appear that the States have failed to elect a President, the House of Representatives shall proceed to do so, under prescribed conditions. Congress is not made a returning board to decide the validity of votes. It can merely hear the certificates read, and witness the declaration of the result according to the certificates. It is true that there may be half a dozen papers claiming to be the true certificate of one State. But that is a dilemma for which the Constitution makes no provision. It is true that the result of the election may depend upon the validity of one of two or three contesting certificates, and that civil war may be invoked to decide the contest. But the Constitution does not help us. It has not provided for such an emergency, and that fact being now clearly ascertained, and the omission having once brought us to the edge of civil war, if the common-sense of the country does not provide a remedy, we shall go to pieces over a disputed Presidential election.

The Democratic party has shown itself totally unfit to administer the government by its indifference to action upon this subject. During its late Congressional ascendency it roared "fraud," "fraud," without cessation, and plumed itself upon acquiescing in the electoral settlement of 1876, for which it is certainly entitled to the praise that it claims. But with all the possibilities of that critical epoch vividly in mind, it has done nothing whatever to prevent their recurrence. At the very close of this Congress, however, there is a disposition upon both sides to devise some adequate provision. Nothing is easier; and Mr. BLAINE, who evidently has a clear perception of the paramount importance of the subject, has announced his purpose of doing something to procure definite action. Senator WALLACE'S proposition is a valuable contribution to the suggestions that have been made. It provides that immediately after each census is taken, every State shall be divided into as many districts as it has Senators and Representatives under the apportionment; that in each district one elector shall be voted for, and that a plurality of votes shall elect if there be no majority; that the final canvass of the district votes shall be made by the Governor, Chief Justice, and Secretary of State, who shall certify the result to the Senators of the State in Congress and to the President of the Senate, and that this certificate shall be conclusive upon Congress. The certificates are to be opened and the votes counted in joint session, and the candidates having the largest number of votes, whether a majority or not, shall be declared elected.

The merits of this plan are obvious. It is, in the first place, exceedingly simple. It retains the constitutional intention of a State election by electors proportioned to the aggregate number of Senators and Representatives, and it leaves to the State the settlement of contests. Then it secures an expression of popular preference, which is not practicable under the system of general ticket, and it prevents the chance of immense corruption attendant upon an election by the House of Representatives. Mr. WALLACE'S plan is a direct reversal of the principle of the MORGAN and BICKNELL resolutions, for which his party has been contending; it is a return to the plain path of the Consitution. This is so obviously true that no argument is needed to enforce its claim upon the popular approval; and it may reasonably be expected that the new Administration will favor the amendment. The responsibility now falls upon the Republicans, and they may confidently count upon the support of all patriotic men in both parties for a simple and fair settlement of this question.

BUNCOMBE.

IT would have been well if the New York Assembly, before censuring Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. BRIGHT, and the other English friends of Ireland for attempting to crush Ireland struggling for freedom, had pondered Mr. FORSTER'S powerful speech in Parliament, asking for summary authority to keep the peace in Ireland—a speech which shows that the Land League in its practical operation is a great Ku-Klux Klan. We do not forget in the least the injustice of the land laws which Mr. GLADSTONE proposes to ameliorate, nor deny the right of agitation, but violence and outrage and murder are not legal agitation. We do not deny the right of workmen to refuse to work for wages that they do not think fair, but violent coercion of other workmen is not a right of anybody. The Illinois Legislature also has passed resolutions of sympathy with Ireland. It is possible that the New York and Illinois Legislatures are familiar with the facts of the present Irish situation, and that they view them very differently from Mr. GLADSTONE and JOHN BRIGHT and the great Liberal party in England. But it may be hoped that English Liberals understand that such resolutions as those of New York and Illinois are in the highest degree mere political performances for buncombe, and are to be regarded simply as bids for the Irish vote, not as a deliberate arraignment of English Liberals.

The methods of the Land League to "Boycott" a farmer who chooses to pay rent when the League forbids payment—and with the same right with which any body of employers in this city would prohibit other employers from paying their workmen their stipulated wages—is described by Mr. FORSTER as follows: A party consisting of twenty or even of forty men come to a farmer's house at night, drag him out of his bed, and "card" him. (A card is an iron comb used in some farming operations, and it is applied to the victim's naked body.) He is then warned not to disobey longer, and shots are fired around him and at him. In one instance a party of fifteen persons entered a farmer's house, dragged him to the door, and one of the mob stabbed him under the eye, in the cheek. He was knocked down, and struck with a spade, and burned on the back with an iron which was heated for the purpose. The mob then fired shots at the house as they went away, and warned him to obey the League. This was a man who occupied a farm from which the previous tenant had been evicted. Mr. FORSTER'S simple narration of these crimes was very impressive. They have established in some districts a complete terror. Often, as Mr. FORSTER says, "The most powerful man in a particular district is a contemptible, dissolute ruffian and blackguard, who, his character being known by all his neighbors, is shunned by them all, but who nevertheless acts as the powerful and active policeman for the execution of the unwritten law."

These outrages have rapidly increased as the Land League agitation has progressed. Of the 1253 crimes of this kind during the last year, 719, or two-thirds of the whole, occurred in October, November, and December, and Mr. FORSTER concedes that the ordinary law is now powerless, because juries are intimidated by the League, and will not convict while the League law is powerful, because punishment is sure to follow its infraction. Of course it is no wonder that by the stress of such crimes the Land League, as Mr. DILLON says, "reigns supreme." So did the Ku-Klux reign supreme, and by precisely the same means. The leaders of the Land League assert that they are not responsible, just as the Southern Democratic leaders alleged that they were not responsible for the Ku-Klux. But in both cases there was the highest responsibility—that of not actively attempting to repress and punish the violence. Republican Legislatures in this country which are contemplating resolutions of sympathy with Mr. PARNELL and the Land League in the system of criminal outrage which is "supreme" in the districts described by Mr. FORSTER may well reflect that there is no difference whatever between the course of the Ku-Klux toward the colored citizens in the Southern States and that of the Land League toward quiet and innocent people in Ireland who make their own bargains. Mr. FORSTER'S bill proposes to deprive the Land League of the power of enforcing its decrees against orderly and honest laborers, by summary arrest of the agents of outrage. "The men who have planned and perpetrated the outrages to which I have referred are the men without whose help the speeches of the honorable members for the city of Cork, for Tipperary, and for Cavan would be mere harmless exhortations and vaporing." In other words, the Land League movement has now become, not a legal agitation, but an organized crime. If Mr. PARNELL appeals to this country in the hope that the people of the United States will sustain an Irish Ku-Klux, he is profoundly mistaken. The feeling of Americans, so far as we understand it, is that there has been great and terrible injustice to Ireland in the past; that very much has been done to relieve just complaint; that the measures of relief in later days have been the work of the Liberal party, notably of Mr. GLADSTONE and of Mr. BRIGHT, whose government now proposes further relief, and, pending that relief, perfect protection for all innocent and law-abiding persons; and that by promoting crime, instead of co-operating with the friendly government, Mr. PARNELL and his friends have done what they could to betray their own cause.

TURNING ON THE LIGHT.

SENATOR HOAR'S resolution respecting the results of the reformed system of appointments at the Custom-house completes those offered by Senator CONKLING. Mr. CONKLING'S were cleverly drawn to confine the inquiry to points upon which the authors of the resolutions hoped to find the authorities at the Custom-house tripping. Mr. HOAR'S will enable the country to see precisely what has been done, to observe just how much evasion there has been, and just how much good faith, and to decide whether, upon the whole, and with whatever defects and failures, the merit system has approved itself to be practicable and efficient.

From our observation and knowledge of its operation at the Custom-house, we have no doubt that the results reported to Congress will be exceedingly interesting and valuable. Unless we are very gravely mistaken, it will appear that it is perfectly practicable, by a judicious system of examination and of probation, to select the most capable and admirably fitted persons for the public service, wholly without the interference of a single "heeler" or "boss," and that nothing but the emphatic approval of the great body of citizens who are not professional politicians is necessary for a thorough reform. Indeed, one of the merits of the reform is that it will rapidly abate the nui-

sance of professional politicians, by which term we do not mean citizens deeply interested and active in politics, but people who make a trade of politics.

We observe that a person holding some office recently said that it did not require any particular knowledge or training to discharge its duties. That is very possible. There are a great many offices in which, if knowledge and training were required for the proper discharge of the duties, the duties would be very inadequately discharged. But that has nothing to do with examinations and probations for appointment. Appointments must be made upon evidence of fitness. Can that fitness best be ascertained by a personal examination and trial, or by the word of a "boss," of high or low degree? Private business houses often take the word of a friend because he has no object to deceive, and because if, upon probation, the incumbent were found unfit, he would be dismissed. But it is generally impossible in the public business to be content with that kind of recommendation, because it is not personal fitness, but somebody's political advantage, which is considered, and because that turns the whole minor public service into plunder and spoils. The Secretary's response to the resolutions of Messrs. HOAR and CONKLING will be made at the very end of the session and of the administration. But it will undoubtedly serve to show the new administration a straight and easy way out of many difficulties.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE proposition for an international understanding between this country and England in regard to copyright, which has received the support of the leading American authors and publishers, is evidently approved by their English brethren. There have been several conferences in London upon the subject. The Board of Trade favored the general plan, with some changes. A meeting of authors and publishers at Mr. MURRAY'S approved it; and at a later meeting, with Mr. TORRENS, M.P., in the chair, many eminent authors and publishers were present, and the draft of a proposal submitted by Mr. LOWELL was accepted as the basis of negotiation. This proposal is the plan which we have mentioned, providing for the manufacture of the republication within the country in which it is to be sold.

The last conference suggested that twelve months should be the minimum period within which the British author could arrange for republication in the United States, and *vice versa*. That is, if arrangements for republication were not made within a twelvemonth, the foreign publisher should be at liberty to publish at his discretion, and without accounting to the author. But a more satisfactory provision would be that any publisher who should issue the work after the expiration of the term should pay a royalty to the author. This would work indirectly, undoubtedly, as an encouragement of native literature, and be all the more satisfactory for that reason.

It is evident that there is a better understanding upon the subject among all interests than ever before, and we are sorry that a change of administration in this country will tend to postpone immediate negotiations. There is every reason to suppose, however, that General GARFIELD, who is a man of peculiar cultivation and intelligence, will favor action which commends itself to the approval of those most interested, and which tends to secure a result so plainly equitable. The reasonable settlement of a great question, which will constantly challenge discussion until it is settled, would be a proud achievement for any administration.

SWINBURNE ON TENNYSON.

MR. SWINBURNE, who thinks VICTOR HUGO to be "the master poet of the world," admits, as a stammering critic said of MACAULAY, that TENNYSON and BROWNING are also "good writers." In a paper upon TENNYSON'S last volume, Mr. SWINBURNE fairly "wreaks himself upon expression." His unmeasured superlatives disturb confidence in his sincerity or in his mental equipoise, but they are interesting as illustrations of the work of a literary man of high standing.

In TENNYSON'S last volume the poem of "Rizpah" is the tale told by a dying mother, crazed by the hanging of her boy, and it is one of the most powerful and pathetic poems of this time. Of this Mr. SWINBURNE says:

"Not even VICTOR HUGO'S very self has ever touched the very deepest and finest chord on the lyre of the human spirit with a diviner power, a more godlike strength of tenderness, than Mr. TENNYSON has touched it here. Nothing more piteous, more passionate, more adorable for intensity of beauty, was ever before this wrought by human cunning into the likeness of such words as words are powerless to praise.... If after a thousand years all trace of all his poems had vanished from all human record, save only these eighty-six verses of "Rizpah," proof positive and ample and overwhelming would be left in the survival of these that in him, if ever upon earth, a great poet had been born. If this be not great work, no great work was ever or will ever be done in verse by any human hand."

But with stern impartiality, after a long and extraordinary comparison of TENNYSON and ALFRED DE MUSSET, Mr. SWINBURNE thus descends upon TENNYSON for his "life-long tone about women," and the lovers whom he creates for them:

"It can not respectfully be supposed that Mr. TENNYSON is unaware of the paltry currishness and mean-spirited malice displayed in verse too dainty for such base uses by the plaintively spiteful manikins, with the thinnest whey of sour milk in their poor fretful veins, whom he brings forward to vent upon some fickle or too discerning mistress the vain and languid venom of their contemptible contempt."

He adds that Mr. TENNYSON'S large views of contemporary public questions are worthy of a Tory under-graduate. But what might not be expected from a critic who holds VICTOR HUGO to be the master poet of the world?

REFORM PROPOSED TO THE SENATE.

THE bill for regulating and improving the civil service which was introduced into the Senate by Mr. PENDLETON on the 10th of January, and which we described at the time as the most carefully matured and satisfactory measure yet proposed, has been reported by the Senator from the committee, without amendment, and with an admirable report. At so late a period of the session it is perhaps unreasonable to expect legislation upon the subject, but the action of the committee is an emphatic recognition of the importance of the question, which will be of very great service to the public discussion of it.

The bill reported by Mr. PENDLETON provides for a commission with defined and reasonable powers, which will secure uniformity of procedure, and it also provides for the application and extension of the reformed system with equal moderation and good sense. The course taken is that which General GARFIELD approves in his letter of acceptance, and which it is fair to presume that he will earnestly recommend to Congress.

"PIRACY:" A CORRECTION.

THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, alluding to the fact that Lord BEACONSFIELD'S *Endymion*, which is sold in England for $7 50, may be bought in America for fifteen cents, describes the American publishers who issue the cheap edition as wreckers and pirates, declares that honesty is the best policy, and that the repudiation of that doctrine is fast destroying American authorship. The facts in regard to the "piracy" of *Endymion* by the "Franklin Square Library" edition are simply that that edition was issued at the request of the English publishers, and in co-operation with the American publishers who had bought the advance sheets. Moreover, the publishers of the "Franklin Square Library" edition in question have proposed safeguards of the rights of English authors in this country which the great body of English and American authors and publishers warmly approve, which the author of *Endymion* expressly favors, and which will settle this old controversy upon honorable and satisfactory grounds.

MR. GEORGE H. FORSTER'S LETTER.

THE manly and honorable letter of Mr. GEORGE H. FORSTER acquiescing in the withdrawal of his nomination as United States Attorney for this district, if the President should wish to withdraw it, will warmly commend Mr. FORSTER to public confidence. He saw that the ordinary course in confirming the nomination was not followed, and he naturally supposed that there were reasonable grounds of doubt of the final action.

Mr. FORSTER'S allusion to "a contention against the most powerful influences of the country" suggests the unpleasant rumors which have been current of some kind of bargain about the confirmation of Mr. STANLEY MATTHEWS. Mr. MATTHEWS is known to be the candidate of the great railroad corporations for the Supreme bench. That fact of itself should be conclusive against the confirmation, and anything in the nature of a bargain which should seem to be done by the Administration to secure the confirmation would be most injurious to its good name.

Should Mr. FORSTER'S name be withdrawn, any name which might be substituted would be scanned very closely to ascertain if it apparently proved or disproved the unpleasant rumors.

THE NEXT STEP.

Miss ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS has recently written to Mrs. LUCY STONE as follows:

"So far as I understand the municipal suffrage plan, it is the *next thing* for us women. Hundreds of women will vote on sharply defined moral questions, like the liquor problems, who would not move for anything else. It is true that the self-respect of women was not met by the limited school bill A more just and generous opportunity will meet a just and generous response. I, for one, sympathized with the reluctance of women to play beggar-maid to that little Cophetua.

"If DE TOQUEVILLE was right in attributing the 'singular prosperity and growing strength of the American people mainly to the superiority of their women,' it is time that the commonwealth availed itself more directly of the reserve forces and sources of such superiority.

"I earnestly desire to see a more rational basis for the political future of our sex, which is as sure to develop as the dawn to follow the dark. I have never faltered for an hour either in this wish or this assurance."

We have already mentioned that Mr. GILMOUR, the Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York, is of opinion that the law enabling women to vote at school meetings will prove to be very beneficial. This law, and that in Massachusetts, throws upon Mrs. STONE, Miss PHELPS, and other women who agree with them the responsibility of carrying the subject to a successful issue. The argument is really closed. If women show by their interest in voting at school meetings that they generally desire to vote, they will be enfranchised generally, as they have been in school affairs. The objection that they do not wish to vote will then disappear.

We presume that it was not "self-respect," but mingled indifference, diffidence, and disinclination which withheld women from voting at the school elections. Politics are exceedingly practical; and if it is seen that women will not use a power which is given to them, it will be very hard to prove that they refuse because more power is not granted.

FERNANDO WOOD.

MR. FERNANDO WOOD was a politician of another day. In late years he has been content to sit in the House of Representatives, and to withdraw from any prominent part in politics. During his more active career he must be described as a dangerous demagogue. He resisted the authority of the State in establishing the Metropolitan Police; he proposed the secession of the city of New York from the Union; he deplored his inability to enable rebellion to arm itself against the Union; and he was a persistent peace Copperhead during the war, after yielding to the first wrathful "uprising," which nobody could safely resist.

Mr. WOOD belonged to a very mischievous class of public men, although he was unable at any time to do more than precipitate a riot. But to apply the *de mortuis* to such a career would be the betrayal of public morality and of public safety. There is no plainer duty in a republic than discrimination between unscrupulous politicians and patriotic public men. Mr. WOOD was certainly no worse than a great many of his political associates, but it was a serious question at the beginning of the war whether he and his associates in the city of New York might not secure the overthrow of the government. That was certainly the hope of the Southern leaders.

Time and the public good-nature soon spread a veil over the vanishing years. But it is useless to commend a high sense of political duty and purity of public life if we preserve a decorous silence or gently extenuate when those who point the moral die.

A QUEER FEAST.

THE "DORSEY banquet" was the queerest of recent political performances. Nobody understood precisely what it was for, probably the most prominent gentlemen present least of all. So far as appeared from the speeches, the election of General GARFIELD was virtually lost, when Mr. DORSEY, the Secretary of the Republican National Committee, hurried to Indiana and saved the day.

What he did in Indiana the speeches do not clearly say, although the remarks of the Vice-President-elect imply very pointedly that it was not by arguments and appeals to the people that the State was carried. Mr. DORSEY was not heard upon the stump. How did he save the State?

There was a great outcry, when Maine voted for PLAISTED, that the Democrats had virtually bought the election. Suppose it had been notorious that they did so. Suppose that the Secretary of the Democratic National Committee had been the agent. Suppose that after the election a "banquet" had been offered him for rescuing Maine from the Republicans. Suppose that the most eminent Democratic gentlemen in the city had sat at the feast, and that the Democratic Secretary had been lavishly praised for having done a great public service. Would it have deepened the confidence of the country in the Democratic party? Would or would not the eminent Democratic gentlemen be in the position of having signed a blank draft upon the public Treasury, to be filled in by the hero of the feast?

PERSONAL.

GEORGE ELIOT was the most careful and accurate of authors. In an article in *Blackwood*, where her first reputation was made, and with whose editor she had the most cordial personal associations, it is mentioned that "her beautifully written manuscript, free from blur or erasure, and with every letter delicately and distinctly finished, was only the outward and visible sign of the inward labor which she had taken to work out her ideas. She had rarely much to correct in her proof-sheets. Her grasp of business was not less striking than her literary power; and her shrewdness and foresight were such as are seldom to be met with."

—Mr. EMERSON read a few evenings since, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, a paper on CARLYLE, describing him as being quite as extraordinary in conversation as in his writings; a practical Scotchman, such as you would find in any saddler's or iron-monger's shop. "I called him," said Mr. EMERSON, "*a trip-hammer with an Æolian attachment.*" He talked like a very unhappy man. He understood his own value as well as Mr. WEBSTER, whom in some respects he resembled; and, like him, could see society on his own terms. Though no mortal in America could pretend to talk with CARLYLE, who, indeed, in England was as remarkable as the Tower of London itself, yet he would not satisfy Americans, and would by no means bear transportation. He was a hammer that crushed mediocrity and pretension. While Mr. EMERSON was reading, with an occasional suggestion from his daughter, the members of the society gathered eagerly about him, and listened to his words with close attention, and at the conclusion gave expressions of hearty applause.

—One of the most graceful and vigorous of English female novelists, in a friendly letter, writes as follows of Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON'S serial story, "Anne," now running in the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE: "It has to me the sure notes of future success, great excellences blended with faults—a hundred times better than the smooth monotony of second-rate finish. I fancy that she is a young writer, and in that case that she has a great future as a writer of fiction. I think the conception of Anne, and the way in which she is placed before the reader, masterly..... There is a verve, a vigorous, healthy current, and a freshness that makes one feel—even when one is shut up like a dormouse in snowed-up London—as if one had inhaled a breeze from the moors..... I have rarely read the beginning of a story which made me so wishful to see more of it."

—Mr. JOSEPH HATTON'S only son FRANK, a young fellow of eighteen, and a student of the Royal School of Mines, has just won considerable distinction in chemical research. He has carried off the prize of $250 and an associateship offered by the President and Council of the London Institute of Chemistry "for the best original investigation involving gas analysis." The researches in question were, 1, the action of bacteria on various gases; 2, on the oxidation of organic matter in water by filtration; 3, on the reduction of nitrates by various agents. Fairly stiff work, this, and its success should indicate a brilliant career for the author, whose paper is to be published by the Chemical Society of London, of which he was already a Fellow.

—Some of the most popular poems of recent times have been written for HARPER'S WEEKLY by Mrs. MARY D. BRINE, of this city. Several of them have been set to music, and many have been copied in hundreds of our exchanges. Her pathetic ballad entitled "Somebody's Mother," which first appeared in our columns, has been reprinted all over the Union, in Canada, and in England. Mrs. BRINE has now attempted a more ambitious enterprise—a long poem in blank verse, entitled "Madge, the Violet Girl," which will soon be published, with some of her shorter pieces, by Mr. GEORGE W. HARLAN, of this city. "Madge" is a very pathetic story, gracefully and sweetly told, and it can not fail to be popular. The cover of the volume is embellished with a tasteful design, devised and painted by the gifted author.

—A gentleman who happened to be in Rome a few years ago, when SOTHERN was there, went out one day to the Pincian Hill to witness the sunset. "The afternoon, a fine one, had brought out the nabobs in carriages, and the bobs on foot. As the orb sank, and the band ceased to play, a hand fell lightly on my shoulder, and a voice said, 'Ring down; the red fire's out.' It was the voice of Dundreary on the hill of Lucullus."

—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S felicitous aptness as an after-dinner speaker was conspicuous at the banquet recently given to Senator DORSEY, of Arkansas, who managed the October campaign in Indiana for the Republicans. It reminds a newspaper correspondent of a man who in one of the Plymouth prayer-meetings put the case of a man who lived a blameless and benevolent life, but who had no faith in God, and no belief in a future life. "When that man dies," he asked, "does he go to hell, or where does he go?" Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. BEECHER replied, "He would have my best wishes, wherever he went."

—College men express themselves as highly pleased with the election of FRANKLIN CARTER as President of Williams College. His scholarship is of a high order, and his literary and social tastes such as to make him very welcome everywhere. He has, moreover, one very agreeable and desirable adjunct, though not a usual one in collegiate dons—a private fortune of his own.

—Professor HUXLEY'S appointment as Inspector of Salmon Fisheries was made at the express instance of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who desired to promote his interests as well as the interests of science. He is to retain his present professorship, and the new appointment nearly doubles his salary.

—The late Professor DIMAN, of Brown University, is spoken of in the *Christian Union* as a "man of books and of thought, quiet and unobtrusive, genial and merry with his friends, a Congregationalist in principle, an Episcopalian in religious taste, a firm and consistent theist to the end."

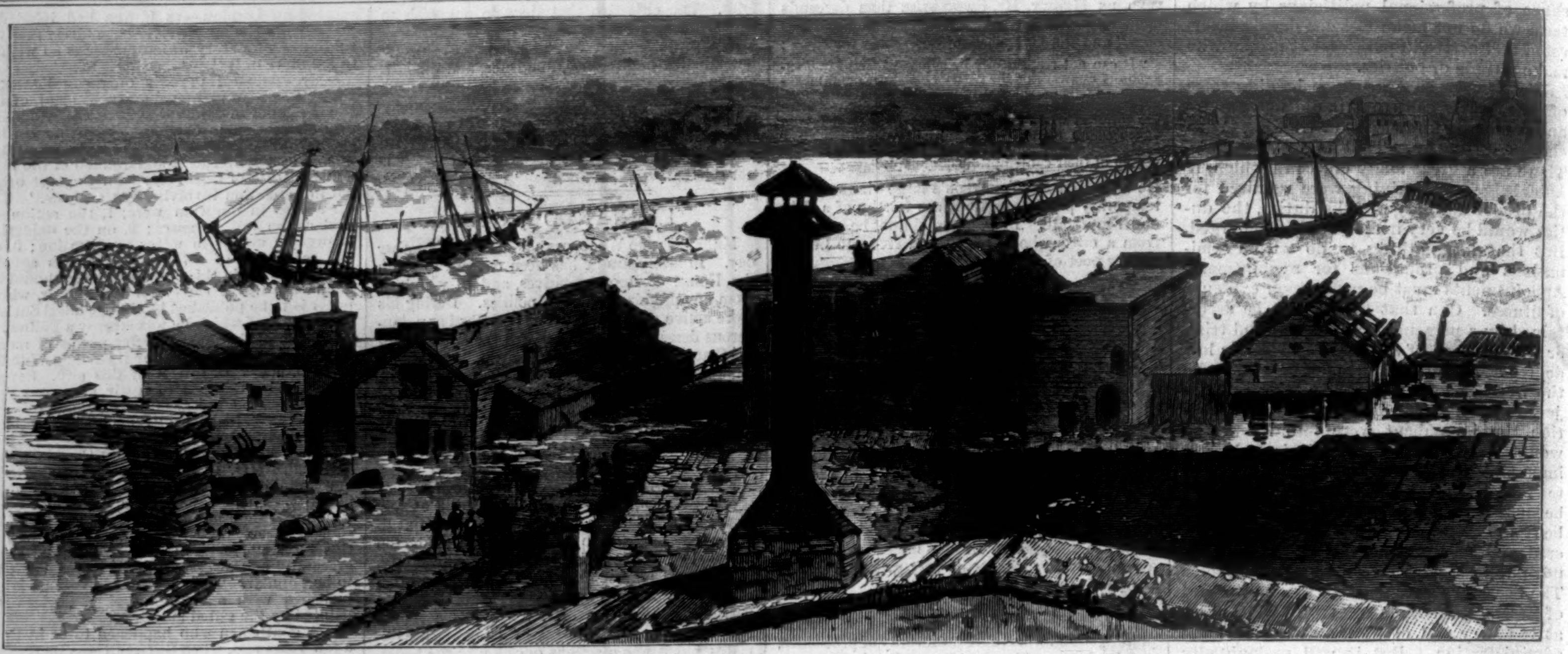
—JOHN J. MCELHONE, who for thirty years past has been one of the official reporters of the House of Representatives, has just been designated by the Speaker as chief of the reportorial corps of the House. It is not merely by high professional merit that Mr. MCELHONE has so long been connected with that branch of the government. His fine culture and charming social qualities have gained for him the warm personal friendship of those who have been most prominent in the House during his long service.

—The Rev. THADDEUS SALTERS, a colored man, has just been admitted to deacon's orders in the diocese of South Carolina, after a creditable examination before the board of examiners. He will be the first colored man ever admitted to the Episcopal ministry in South Carolina.

—The late JOHN M. PINKERTON, of Boston, left by his will $200,000 to the Academy in Derry, New Hampshire, founded by his grandfather.

—It is fifty-seven years since Dr. HOPKINS graduated from Williams College, and for thirty-six years he was its president. A few days since, during the cold snap, he remarked, "I wish I had a cap like the boys." The Seniors, knowing that his birthday (February 4) was at hand, presented to the good doctor a very handsome seal-skin "cap like the boys," which now gracefully covers "his lofty forward and his curling head of hair."

—Mr. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE, writing, in the Manchester *Co-operative News*, his impressions of certain prominent pulpit orators in the United States, mentions Dr. FELIX ADLER as being quite remarkable. "Dr. ADLER'S father," he says, "was an eminent rabbi; but his son, Dr. FELIX, while retaining all the passion and fervor of the Jewish faith, no longer insists upon its ceremonials, but rather upon the moral holiness of life. He is the founder of a Church of Ethical Culture, which meets in the Chickering Hall, New York. The congregation includes a large proportion of Jews, and at the morning service at which I was present there were from 1000 to 1500 persons assembled. The platform had no assistance from art, which it wanted. But the preacher soon caused you to forget that. Professor ADLER is a slender, middle-statured gentleman, apparently thirty or thirty-five years of age, with a glistening eye and sleepy features, denoting rather latent passion than languor. His voice is pleasant, with a sincere tone. Stepping toward the front, but not in the centre, of the copious stage of Chickering Hall, without altar, book, or note, he spoke for an hour with eloquence and enthusiasm, which held everybody in attention. I never heard a discourse anywhere like his as to ideas.... Since the death of my friend the Rev. THOMAS BINNEY, who taught men 'how to make the best of both worlds,' I have heard from no pulpit arguments like those of the Rev. Dr. ADLER."



THE FLOOD AT TOLEDO.—From Sketches by French Brothers.

THE FLOOD AT WASHINGTON.—From Sketches by Howard Pyle and Photographs by C. M. Bell.

THE GREAT THAW—DAMAGE DONE BY FLOODS OF WATER AND RIVERS OF ICE.—[See Page 151.]

NIAGARA IN WINTER DRESS.—DRAWN BY W. H. GIBSON.—[SEE PAGE 158.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

OLD FRIENDS AND YOUNG ONES.

Sheltered from the west winds by the first of the range of hills that trend away toward Cornwall, and from the east by Dartmoor, Westcombe Hall is as nice a place as any lover of a samely life and a changeful landscape may desire. For the beauty of the hills is variety of rigor, and the beauty of the valley is variety of softness; and the comfort of the home-life is to see them, and be steadfast. Colonel Westcombe entered into such things well, without any consideration of them, after the battle of life he had been through.

The cawing of the rooks was a settled pleasure to him, and the lowing of the distant cows a space of soothing interest; the trees and all the garden plants (of which he had small knowledge) excited him to think about them from the sense of ownership; and he began to study cocks and hens without any skewers through them. For still he was as lively as ever he had been; and the quantity of carnage he had smelled in fields of glory acquitted these, his elder days, of the younger duty to destroy.

"Short, you see those trees," he said, as he sauntered forth with that old friend, after dining at the old-fashioned hour, five o'clock. "Wait a moment; come in here; never mind the young folk. They will get on well enough: though I don't want Jack to have her. Now here we can have a delicious little smoke. You like a pipe; so do I; not cigars—I have seen too much of the way they make them. Very well; help yourself. How glad I am to see you!" This was the fiftieth time of saying that; but the parson said, "And so am I," very nearly every time. "You see those trees there," continued Colonel Westcombe, leaning back in his bower arm-chair; "they are a little green with moss, and so on—soft to the eye, I should call it, Short."

"It is the duty of a tree to be as green as possible," Mr. Short answered, with a puff of blue smoke.

"You always cut my corners off. I mean that the trunks of the trees are green, and that is not their duty. Well, this fellow, who is considered, and may be, the shining light of the neighborhood, counselled me to peel off all the green, and treat the fine old fellows to three coats of whitewash. A pleasant view we should have had from the windows all the summer! What do you say to that? You know everything."

"Do I? I don't know that, to begin with. The extent of my knowledge is to know how much I don't know, for which I heartily thank Oxford. But I do know a man who understands such things, and could give you the very best advice. Or rather I mean—he is not to be had now; no, no, we must not think of him."

"That reminds me," his host replied, "of the wonderful fellow in your parish, Short. A gentleman, you say he is; and you are no bad judge. You held out some hopes that we might see his place, and what would please me even more, see him. You know that I am foolish, as my nature is, about things that come up and take my fancy. I don't want to spend a lot of cash, of course; nobody ever does; and how can I tell that I may not be turned out again, neck and crop? Another will might be discovered, or what not? And I am not sure that I should lament it very much. I like to do things for myself, and I believe every man under Wellington got into that style. We had no fine gentlemen, I can tell you; none of your Pompey's officers. But no more of that—you have heard it too often. All I meant to say is, that I want to get this place into a little better order, partly because I like to see things decent, and partly because the people round about are not very well off; and yet to offer them money, except as wages, is an insult."

This was a very long piece of discourse for Colonel Westcombe to get through without stopping, although he could tell a long story pretty well, when he thought it his duty, and got a good start. Meanwhile Mr. Short was in a sad dilemma, although he had foreseen it and rehearsed it long, between his warm frankness to his old friend and his duty and good-will to that one living in his own dear parish. But he settled aright, and against his own desire—which is one of the true tests of right decision—to leave the Captain dark as ever in his own recess, and to stave off the Colonel's curiosity about him. To the former it might be a matter of great moment; whereas it is very little loss to any man to be robbed of a thing that he never uses, unless he has paid for it heavily—advice.

"You ought to begin at once, if you mean to do much good," said the vicar, looking round at the overhung lawn, and the trees mustached with moss and fungus; "you are six weeks later on this side of the moor than we are at Christowell. But even here not a day is to be lost, if you mean to do planting. My friend can not possibly leave home now; and an accident has happened (a very sad affair, of which you will hear by-and-by) not on his threshold, but much worse—through the roof of his favorite vinery. I would not spoil your dinner, and some other little doings, by making your dear godchild anxious. And in reason there need not be a shadow of anxiety, except for those wondrous doctors. Old Betty Sage, John Sage's mother, would have put Dicky Touchwood on his pins in three days, with her simples and careful diet. But our Dr. Peraps, a truly fine practitioner, and a man of solid grounding, will scarcely get him out of hand within three weeks, and may have to make three months of it."

"What has happened to poor Dicky, then? And why is Julia not to know?" The Colonel gave a short, quick puff of smoke, for he hated mystery.

"There is no mystery at all about it," replied Mr. Short, who had his own turn of temper, and knew every nerve of his old friend's mind. "Dick Touchwood tumbled through the roof of a greenhouse, or vinery, or something—I don't understand their distinctions—and he cut his legs, or what he calls his legs, as much as such nonentities could well be cut. He came down like a tipsy-cake stuck with splinters: and tipsy he was, unless they told me lies. But our place is not to jeer, but sympathize. I have not ventured into this short narrative till now, because one can never tell how anything will act upon another mind, or at any rate a female one."

"Short, you are right. I have observed that often. The women know best in the end, I believe, but you never can tell how they know it. Julia is full of sense, wonderfully so to my mind; she gets at almost anything five minutes before I do; and she sticks to it too; and that proves that she is right. But between you and me and the bed-post, Short—as the old ladies say—I don't want Jack to have her. There could not be a better girl, in many ways of looking at her. But she must have her own way, although she gets it gently. Jack, on the other hand, is very easy-tempered; but turn him you can not, when once he has made his mind up. His wife, when he is old enough to want one, which we never used to think of when I was young, should be amiable, gentle, fond of little jokes, and capable of making them when he wants them, well-bred, and totally indifferent about dress—the new fashions, I mean, and all that rubbish that some women study more than their own behavior; also she ought to be diligent and thrifty, tidy, and particular to keep him to his meal-times, an experienced judge of meat and butter, full of understanding about doors and windows, thoroughly warm-hearted, and not inclined to cough when she smells tobacco-smoke."

"To think of such a wife makes a man's mouth water," Mr. Short answered, with a serious look; "there used to be some of them; but the young women now think more of themselves than of anything else. It is my place to pay attention to the women—well, not in the way that you are smiling at, my friend: what I mean to say is—"

"Well done, Short!" cried the Colonel, putting down his pipe and laughing heartily; "well done, my dear fellow! To be sure it is. And you magnify your office. I shall tell my dear wife that."

"Now don't you be too clever, but just hear me out. A parson must attend to his women, not only for their own sake, but also to get at the men. You understand all about regiments, and that; but you never even heard, perhaps, of 'parish work.' It is almost a new idea in the Church as yet; and I am not at all sure that it will do much good, because it comes from the Dissenters, I believe. If we come to make a fuss of it, it will do a lot of harm, and make our flocks take it into their heads that our object is to drive them. They like very much to be driven by fellows they can turn out as soon as they are tired of them; but they never will be driven by a gentleman; so that all these doings must be done with skill."

"I don't like to hear of such absurd inventions. When I was a boy I knew a good deal of the clergy; and in Spain I came across some priests who were very good and holy. But to come back to the women, Short—you understand them, do you?"

"No, I never said anything to that effect. Only that I have to study them; which is a different thing altogether. You were talking about Miss Touchwood, and the sort of wife your son should have. I know the very girl for him—such a beauty!—and a first-rate gardener, as well as all that you require. But two people can not be matched by pattern. I have made a lot of matrimony, fetching them up to it, when it was needful, and reading the banns, and going through with it; and unless there is very bad temper on both sides, they get on respectably afterward. But I am talking horn-book."

"Horn-book ought to be talked much more in the present wild days," said the Colonel. "Soon there will be nothing sacred. Every idiot laughs at institution. However, to come back to Julia. She is a very handsome girl; and Jack—well, I don't want her to be too much here. She came to us suddenly—I don't know why—but rather out of spirits, and I could not ask the reason. My dear wife, who might have got it out of her quite prettily, has been laid up all the while with a very bad attack; but she told me in confidence that it ought to be a love affair."

"Rather the contrary," answered the parson; "but as she has not told you, I will not. Her mother was unkind to her, to put it mildly. You know that 'my lady,' as she loves to be called, is sometimes very prompt of action. However, there are worse people in the world, and I trust that they are burning to be reconciled. I brought as good a message to Miss Touchwood from her mother as could be expected, considering their relation. Also, I said that poor Dicky wanted her; and she promised to go home to-morrow."

"Short, you are a public benefactor. Three cheers for the influence of the clergy! I shall be sorry to lose Julia, of course; but still, I would rather lose her than Jack. Young fellows nowadays think very little of the wisdom of their parents. But who is the girl that he ought to have? I shall come and see her if she lives at Christowell."

"Time enough to think of that, my friend. No one admitted except on business. You will have to send your card in, and write upon it, 'I want to see the young lady Jack ought to have.' But what a hurry you are in about him! He is only three-and-twenty, according to my reckoning. 'Let'un 'baide,' as John Sage says—'let 'un 'baide till a' getteth a buzzum.' By-the-bye, our John would suit you well for laying out ground, or for seeing to your trees, or shaping out a new kitchen-garden. All flowers he despises, except cauliflowers. He says that the Lord made the flowers to grow wild on purpose to vex Solomon, but Solomon and the Lord together couldn't grow cabbages without manure—or 'mannering,' as he calls it. He knows the Old Testament ten times as well as I do."

"Short, I will have him, if only for that. Such men are obstinate, but brave and honest. I have seen lots of them in the army, generally Scotchmen. No infidel Frenchman could stand before them. How much money will he want a week?"

"Eight shillings is the proper thing, at Christowell. But then they get pickings that work it up to nine, and even ten in harvest-time. But I am not at all sure that he would go from home. Our people know when they are well off."

"Let him come to me for three months, and go home for the harvest. I will give him twelve shillings a week and house-room. And if we get on together, he may settle here."

"Tell it not on our side of the moor, and warn him not to speak of it. Every solid head in our parish would be turned; but Sage can keep his own counsel. He shall come to you by this day week, but only on a three months' lease, at the longest. Christowell will not be itself without him; and if anything important comes to pass, we shall have to send for him to pronounce upon it. I shall miss him in church more than a big pewful; he nods at me always when I say the right thing, and he taps on the floor with his ground-ash stick."

"We will not rob you of such a hearer, Short," said the Colonel, perceiving what a sacrifice he asked; "your church and parish shall enjoy him on a Sunday. I told you that I had taken, from the Duchy, a lease of the sporting over some ten thousand acres, upon which there may be ten head of game in a favorable season. But at $10 a year it is cheap enough; and I may improve it if I can. It was done through my old friend General Punk, who has interest with the steward, and who promised to come down every year if I would do it; and it is cheap to see an old friend at that rent. And Jack was quite up for it, when I told him, for he likes to march forty miles a day, I do believe; which is all very well when you choose for yourself your route, your weather, and your toggery. I intend to try red grouse there as well as black. They do in bleaker places than Dartmoor even. It is not a new experiment—I know that. But experiments require luck and perseverance, even more than skill, I do believe. At any rate, I mean to try it."

"You are a sanguine man," the vicar answered; "I wish that I could say so of myself. But try it, my dear fellow; by all means, try it. But John Sage does not understand game-keeping."

"And I don't want him to understand it," returned the gallant Colonel; "it is not like pheasant-hatching or skilled work. You turn out your grouse with their wings a little tipped, and you let them take their chance; that is my idea. Only they must not be harassed just at first, until they learn their whereabouts, or off they go. And it must be done at the right time of year, and according to the season. Some of my birds are turned out already. Another batch comes next week; and failing these, I shall try a lot of cheepers in June, if I can get them. You know that I am not a strict game-preserver. I would never insist upon 'pheasants *v.* peasants,' as the radical papers term it. But my little crotchet can breed no ill-will, for everybody about here is delighted with it, and it will put money in some honest fellow's pocket."

"But how will John Sage help in this little scheme? He may be the wisest of mankind, as everybody knows, and especially himself, but he doesn't know a grouse from a game-cock, or, at any rate, not a red one."

"So much the better. He will take more interest in the subject from its novelty. But have no fear, Short, of my perverting your Solomon into a Nimrod. Nothing of the kind is in my thoughts. My grouse hobby only concerns him thus: I have made a little hut in the shelter of a tor—I think they call it Weist Tor, but I never know their tors—where a man may be comfortable, and put up his pony. I want an honest man to be there every now and then, or to have it supposed that he may be there. It is about half way to your delightful parish, which seems to be the home of every virtue. Very well: Sage shall have the old gray pony, who knows every stone upon the moor, I do believe; and every Saturday, if he likes to do it, he shall set off for his native place, with a gallon of cider and a bag of kitchen victuals, and be his own master till Monday morning."

"It is well discovered, and it shall come true," Mr. Short answered, with a smile at thinking of the figure Sage would cut, and the importance he would show. "The old man understands the moors as well as a pewit, and better than your red grouse will. But one thing you forget—the superstition of the race. Weist Tor is almost as awful to the native mind as Wistman's wood, or even Cranmere pool itself. If you gave John Sage £10 every time, he would not go there at night-fall."

"We will get over that somehow or other. Entrap him there once, and he will grow foolhardy. I can always make men go where I want to send them. I have set my mind on this, because it will keep up regular communication between us. I shall send you butter, and grapes, when I get any; and you can send me, now and then, a comb of the honey for which Christowell is famous. You get about half the rain that we do, I believe. But what a time Manx is with our coffee! I must go and rout him up, I do believe."

"Here comes our coffee. Well done, cup-bearer. The best and the cleverest dog in the world. No, not to me first; to the Colonel first, because, though I am the visitor, you are my butler. That's right. Did you see, my dear fellow, how he balanced it?"

"Talk about reasoning powers!" said the Colonel: "I never saw any man do it half so well. And this is your dog Nous, then? I am not given to envy; but—my goodness!—did you notice how he wagged his tail? He would not do it till you took the cup, for fear of spilling. Well, I have seen the very best bred footman laugh, at a joke of his betters (as they call themselves), and spoil a lady's dress while she was putting in her cream. And they talk of these dogs having no mind, Short!"

"Not only does Nous understand plain English," answered Mr. Short, as the dog laid down the little butter tub which had contained the cups, "but he knows what is passing in a man's mind better, very often, than the man himself does. But women are a dreadful puzzle to him."

"So they ought to be; I admire him the more. Come here, and let me thank you, good dog, and clever one. Short, you are too sharp for me. I never even knew this dog was here. You arranged it all with Manx as to what he was to do."

"Not a bit of it. I told the man that he could wait at table; but he laughed at me, and thus is he discomfited. I told your stable-man, when he knotted Nous up, that no knot known in the Royal Navy would hold the dog more than two hours; but he laughed, and said that unless he bit the rope through, he was fast forever. He never attempts to bite any rope now, because I smacked him for it once; but he unties any knot, with nose, tongue, and foot."

"It has made your poor nose bleed, old doggie; show us what it is, then? You mustn't be so clever." Colonel Westcombe loved dogs, and they always felt it.

"It must be something else. Upon my word, the wretch has hit him. Just a graze on the tip of his classical nose, and his labor at the knot has set it off."

Then the vicar, in hot indignation, poured forth his grievance against the low skulk with a gun, which he had not spoken of at dinner-time for fear of spoiling cheerfulness. His host listened gravely, and was shocked at such low villainy, and said that he had heard of a desperate fellow, lurking in the depths of the moor, and killing sheep; and the moor-men were afraid of him, because he had a gun.

"Sooner or later we shall catch him," he continued; "I have heard of him from our chief constable. He believes him to be a noted murderer; a fellow who killed two women in cold blood. Let us say no more about him. Do you see Julia? How noble she looks when her spirit is up! Master Jack has got more than he can do to hold his own."

With the pair in the distance, who had no coffee, things were going on even as he said. Jack Westcombe, although he had taken his degree, or perhaps for that reason, was shy with young ladies, of whom he knew little, having never a sister to lead him amongst them, and describe their little tricks. Miss Touchwood knew this, and made the most of it.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Westcombe," she went on, "that you mean to do nothing and be nothing in the world? It does seem such a waste of power, in these very earnest times."

"My great-aunt was asking me about it the other day," said Jack, who had a dry way, when heavily attacked, of remitting his assailants to their own business; "and she has a right to ask, because she means to leave me something."

"Yes, to be sure; how good of her! She must have entered into the more recent spirit, the glorious development of mind and matter. What a joy it is to find that these high perceptions are penetrating even to the passing generation! What an incentive to the younger mind! Did she propose any definite work, anything earnest and advancing?"

"She did; an advance very definite indeed, but scarcely of a nature perhaps to interest young ladies. I will tell Lady Touchwood of it when I come over."

"My mother takes very little interest in improvement. She seems to think it quite enough to be no worse than we used to be."

"But your brother, Miss Touchwood; surely he may be developed, elevated, rendered progressive, and all that?"

"Unfortunately my brother has no mind," she replied, with firm serenity; "but many people seem to like him all the better for it, particularly, I believe, at Cambridge. But you are very different. Your father has been telling me how much he is afraid that you will be too intellectual."

"My father is the kindest-hearted man in all the world; and since he came into this property, he thinks it his very first duty to be cheated right and left, especially by his very intellectual son."

"How I admire this grand old place!" the young lady cried, as she sprang upon a bank of moss besieged with primroses; "any one who lives here ought to be cheated, just to balance nature's gifts. Look how the sunset warms and deepens the crimson of the bricks, and the gray granite facings, and the glitter of the ivy round the bows! and the grand old trees, full of mystery and honor; and the beautiful slope of the lawn, unbroken by patches of glaring, ugly dazzle, and patterns of hideous stiffness; and the murmur of the brook, like a soft strain of music, coming through the joyful buds of spring! Oh, how I wish our place was like this!"

"I have never been at Touchwood Park," said Jack, looking slyly at his beautiful companion, whose color was heightened and figure set forth by excitement; "but from all that I hear it is a

brilliant place, one of the highest developments of the age. This is a very old, humdrum, benighted, obsolete product of the darker ages. I am sure you would never like to live here."

"Wouldn't I? If I only had the chance!" Then Julia blushed deeply, as her eyes met his; and even Jack's cheeks, which were always rather ruddy, showed sympathy with the sunset as the fair one turned away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER, the seat of the cathedral which bears its name, was an important town in the early history of England. It was known to the Britons as *Caer-Gwent* (the White City). After its capture by the Romans it received the name of *Venta Belgarum*. Having been taken by CERDIC in 519, it remained the capital of the kingdom of Wessex, and of England through the Saxon, Danish, and early Norman dynasties. Down to the accession of GEORGE I. it was a residence of the English sovereigns.

The first cathedral at Winchester is said to have been founded in the second century. This old minster, which measured upward of two hundred paces, was rebuilt for monks by St. BIRINUS, who died in the year 650. The present cathedral was commenced by WALKELYN in 1079, and in 1093 it was occupied by the monks. Of this ancient building the transept and crypt remain. The tower fell in 1107 (owing, some thought, to the fact that WILLIAM RUFUS had been buried beneath it), and it was rebuilt as we see it now. DE LUCY'S work, Early English, includes the eastern portion, begun in 1202, in the retroaltare. The apse was removed, and in 1330 the present polygonal Decorated end replaced it. The pillars, arches, and clear-story of the presbytery were recast about 1350 by Bishop EDYNGDON, who built the west end of the nave and aisles before 1366. Bishop WILLIAM, of Wykeham, began to transform the nave in 1394, the works being continued after his death. The lady-chapel was lengthened eastward 1470–1524. The aisles of the presbytery were rebuilt 1500–1528, and screens inserted in 1524.

Bishop HORNE, of Elizabethan days, destroyed the cloisters and most of the conventual buildings. The dark cloister, ninety-five feet long, leading to the cemetery and workshops, adjoins the five Norman arches of the front of the chapter-house, once a noble arcaded oblong room; the Early English doorway of the dormitory, which ran parallel with it, over an under-croft, the day stairs from the cloister, and traces of the gong over the Lourte bourne, still remain. The refectory was on the south side; on the west, the slope formed the northern part of the cellarer's lodgings and the guest-house. Part of the undercroft, with a stone table of the thirteenth century, has been spared. The wooden guest-house of the poor (Strangers' Hall), in the base court (Cheney Court), retains a ceiling of the time of EDWARD I. The prior's lodge, on the northwest side, has a beautiful porch of the reign of HENRY III., and part of a hall of the fifteenth century.

The building is cruciform, and at first sight the boldly projecting transept, rude and plain, shows itself to be one of the earliest portions. A crypt of the same date explains the original plan of the old Norman church. The central tower, also Norman, stands upon piers of unusual size. The Norman cathedral extended forty feet westward of the present front, and had enormous towers. The transept has east and west aisles, and also one at each end, which carries a gallery, which was reserved for the preservation of precious reliquaries of extraordinary value. The crypt has necessitated the erection of grand flights of stairs up to the choir, which is under the crossing. The high altar formerly stood between the pillars at the end of the presbytery. The shrine of St. Swithin, behind it, once was visible from the choir. The lofty and magnificent reredos, of the latter part of the fifteenth century, now hides its site, and the polygonal end of the presbytery is screened off.

The walls, two bays on the north and one bay on the south, were built by Bishop EDYNGDON (1345). The rest of the grand and impressive nave is the work of WYKEHAM, continued after his death (1404), and completed in 1486: it is a veneer of Perpendicular masonry laid over Norman stone; the materials in both cases were brought from quarries in the Isle of Wight. It has a rich stone vaulting, and contains a font of the time of WALKELYN, with sculptures of the acts of St. NICHOLAS of Myra. In the west end of the north aisle is a tribune or gallery for minstrels or watchers. Two beautiful chantry chapels of WYKEHAM and EDYNGDON are erected between pillars in the south arcade. The iron hooks between the pillars of the nave were used for hanging tapestries on high days. Above the landing of the stairs was a rood-loft which bore the great cross of STIGAND, 1069.

The choir extends under the crossing, and one bay westward into the nave. It is filled with canopied stalls of black oak (1296), forming a series of the finest Early Decorated wood-work in the kingdom. The misericords are late Early English. The book desks date 1540. The pulpit on the north side was erected by Prior SILKSTEDE, 1498–1524. The platform in front of the choir was probably canopied over altars on either side of the choir door.

The south wing of the transept contains a very ancient bench. The eastern aisle contains two chapels, with stone and wooden parcloses, with some beautiful iron-work. One of them was used as a chapel of reservation for the viaticum, and as a calefactory for lighting the censers. The sacristy was formed in the western aisle; it has presses of oak for vestments of the time of SILKSTEDE, and an ancient chafing-dish. The north wing has at the back of the choir stalls a chapel of the Holy Sepulchre, the walls have mural paintings of the Passion of our Lord, and Apocalyptic scenes of the thirteenth century. The west aisle contains a drain, and the east aisle has a canopied Early English niche in a pillar.

The presbytery has a rich wooden ceiling, stained glass in the east window, and stone screens of Perpendicular date added by Bishops Fox (1524) and BEAUFORT. The former placed on them six mortuary chests of wood, painted and gilt, containing the remains of bishops and kings of the West Saxons, which had been removed from the crypt by Bishop DE BLOIS, and placed in coffers of lead. The reredos, wrought with delicate stone-like lace-work, contains a picture of the raising of LAZARUS, by WEST. Above it the vacant space was covered by a jewelled rood, over which King CANUTE hung the crown which he wore when he rebuked his courtiers on the shore of the Thames at Westminster.

A leafy avenue of elms and lime-trees crosses the cemetery up to the west front, which is one of the finest in England of those which have not towers. The exterior, with only a low heavy lantern tower to relieve what is the longest cathedral built in the Middle Ages, may appear plain and sombre, but the view of the interior amply atones for any want of impressiveness without. The simple majesty of the rich fretted vaulting of the nave, wondrously transformed from gloomy Norman into the style of the early days of Perpendicular; the venerable massiveness of the transept, the superb stalls, the peerless reredos, the magnificent chantries and their elaborate workmanship; the lightness and elegance of the Early English aisles at the east end, distinguished by richness in detail, variety of ornament, and completeness of finish—each and all alike tend to make this incomparably the first among the English minsters in beauty of internal grandeur.

In answer to numerous inquiries, we give the following list of cathedral pictures which have already appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. Those who order copies will please send the number of the paper: York, No. 1058; Exeter, No. 1132; Ely, No. 1147; Norwich, No. 1151; Wells, No. 1159; Lichfield, No. 1199; Bath Abbey, No. 1203; Peterborough, No. 1212; Worcester, No. 1216; Lincoln, No. 1232; Carlisle, No. 1237; Chester, No. 1256; Chichester, No. 1260. Other cathedral pictures will appear in *Harper's Weekly*, from time to time, until the series is completed.

SANDY HOOK IN 1776.

SANDY HOOK never saw a more powerful armament than that which passed up the deep channel in the summer of 1776. It was the British fleet gathering for the capture of New York. The ships came in slowly from Halifax and the West Indies from June to August, until at last all the bay from Coney Island to New Jersey was filled with the hostile force. They were of all shapes and sizes. Forty and more of the finest and most powerful ships of the line and frigates were anchored along Staten Island, from Gravesend to Sandy Hook. The bay and the Narrows were filled with transports crowded with troops, and provision ships laden with food for the hungry soldiers. Two or three English ships of war stole cautiously up the Narrows, and drew the fire of the fort on Governor's Island. It is easy to imagine the startling and fearful scene as it was witnessed by observers from New York or Brooklyn, and the patriotic citizens and civilians of the neighborhood must have felt that now at last war with all its terrors was upon them. The British soldiers landed on Staten Island, and in August 20,000 English, Irish, and Germans were encamped on its blooming shores.

Washington in July and August was constantly engaged in improving the defenses of New York and Brooklyn. They were only a thin line of earth-works, and the guns mounted on them were of the smallest kind. The hills around Brooklyn, where it was supposed the enemy might make their first attack, were occupied by American soldiers, and several forts and lines of intrenchments on Brooklyn Heights gave its garrison some protection. There was a small fort at Red Hook, on the shore, and another on Governor's Island. In these rude intrenchments, scarcely sheltered from the wind and rain, eight or ten thousand American soldiers lay waiting for the coming of the foe. It is easy to conceive of their discomfort; they slept in their lines amidst the swamps of Gowanus under the chill night air, or labored in the hot sun of July on the forts around Brooklyn Heights. Soon disease began to prey upon them; the hospitals were full; the malarious fevers from the Long Island meadows broke out in the busy camp; and at last, in the most important moment of the contest, when the English troops were already landing, Greene, the brave commander of the Americans, was stricken down. His fever raged fiercely, but he still spoke hopefully of leading his brave companions to the battle. At last he sank down fainting and helpless, and was carried over the river to a house in New York, where he lay insensible to the roar of the guns and the cries of the combatants as they joined in the final contest.

New York was fortified with a care that seemed to indicate an intention of desperate resistance. At the foot of each street on the river small batteries of two or three guns were placed. The streets were barricaded. A barricade crossed Broadway at St. Paul's Church, and others at Warren and Murray streets; one ran to Park Row; one closed the Bowery. Many of the citizens had already left the city, and vacant houses and fortified streets gave a mournful air to the scene. One day a rain of cannon-balls was poured into the houses around the Battery; the walls were pierced, the chimneys shaken down. The people fled madly to the country, and Bowery Lane was filled with men, women, and children flying from the sudden assault of the invaders. Two English frigates, it was found, had made their way from the Narrows, escaped the forts on Governor's Island and the Battery, and as they kept close to the New Jersey side, had poured their broadsides into the quiet city.

Such were the perils and sorrows of our ancestors. They slept in malarious intrenchments, fought on desperate battle-fields, and perished of disease and hunger. Even the women and the children were often driven half mad with terror. In the mean time the English fleet had been constantly increasing, the lower bay from Sandy Hook to Staten Island groaned under the weight of the new armada, which, like the Spanish, was to dash itself vainly against the defenses of freedom. Howe, Clinton, Cornwallis, and all the best officers of the service led their well-appointed and well-trained soldiers against the sick and enfeebled Americans. Howe had 31,000 men, Washington about 24,000; but of Washington's army only nineteen or twenty thousand could be relied upon, many of them raw and untrained soldiers. For a long time the English fleet and army hovered over the lower bay, and no one could tell where they would strike their fatal blow. They might land in New Jersey, it was thought, and overrun that fertile State. Or the fleet might pass up the harbor, bombard and destroy the city, and land the army amidst its ruins. They might attack the Americans at Brooklyn. On August 21 a fearful storm of thunder, lightning, and rain passed over the city, killing several of the Americans in their camp, and drenching the weary army on Brooklyn Heights. It was the forerunner of a more dreadful day. On the 22d a circle of frigates surrounded the bay at Gravesend, where now the hotels and cottages of Bath adorn the peaceful shore. A great number of flat-bottomed boats, under the protection of the guns of the ships, conveyed the English forces over the water. The day was fine; a hot, soft haze covered the landscape. Swiftly and steadily the boats poured out their lading of English, German, and Irish soldiers on the Long Island shore, and the foreign invaders were soon encamped on the fertile plain.

For seven years the English fleets held possession of the bays and harbor of New York, and no other flag floated over the tranquil water. A hundred years have passed since then, and the two nations, so bitterly at war, have joined in a lasting peace. America now feeds Europe from its overflowing stores of food, and English gold enriches the farmer and laborer of the West.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IT is a singular fact that the juvenile frequenters of the Bowery theatres are very strict censors of the drama. They applaud high sentiments, either of patriotism or virtue, and will not tolerate bad language or indecency. A short time ago, an actor in one of these theatres was hissed off the stage by the boys in the gallery for a gross offense against their code of stage morality.

"Why did you hiss that actor, boys?" asked a gentleman, after the performance.

"Well, boss," said a ragged but bright-faced and clear-eyed urchin, "we gets enough of that sorter thing outside, and that isn't what we pays for."

To the end of time, probably, people will search for Captain Kidd's buried treasure, and waste in similar foolish enterprises the time which would be better employed in useful labor. Every now and then the papers contain references to the British frigate *Hussar*, which was sunk near Hell Gate in 1780. Tradition says that she went down with £200,000 on board, and a company has been formed for the recovery of the treasure. This is nothing new. A similar company was organized in 1827, and a correspondent of the Edinburgh *Observer*, who had served on board the *Hussar*, exposed the humbug at the time by stating that the treasure was landed two days before the frigate went down. No doubt, however, the new company will find plenty of fools who are anxious to sink their money in the mud which covers the timbers of the *Hussar*.

The Secretary of the Michigan State Board of Health, Dr. H. B. Baker, has recently made a careful examination of the conditions under which diphtheria spreads, and has come to the conclusion that it is contagious, but is probably not a filth disease. A cold and dry atmosphere, overcharged with ozone, is peculiarly favorable to the development of diphtheria. He finds, also, that the public schools are instrumental in spreading the disease among children, and he would have a sanitary inspector of schools, who shall take the most vigorous measures to exclude children who are infected with communicable diseases. Dr. Baker says, "One great obstacle to progress in dealing with preventable diseases in the schools and out of the schools is the inertia of established usages of the people and of local boards of health." He adds that little or nothing is expected of boards of health, and they generally satisfy expectation in this respect.

The Empress of Germany received for a Christmas-box from the Empress of Japan a couple of Japanese dogs, which made a great sensation on their first appearance at court. They somewhat resemble the King Charles spaniel, but their ears are short, their foreheads are very broad, and their noses very snubby. Unlike their masters', their eyes are very large and bright, and, what is very remarkable, they grow with their owner until they are as large as a two-shilling piece. Their hair is long and silky, pure white, with coal-black heads, and a few black spots on their bodies. Their chief food is boiled rice. Their imperial owner at once commissioned the celebrated painter Sperling to take their portraits. The members of the Canine Club, Berlin, have held many grave consultations as to the breed to which the little strangers belong, but own themselves fairly puzzled.

The volume of *Sermons of the City*, by the Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., recently published by E. P. Dutton & Co., is full of strong, sensible, and eloquent passages. In the one on Related Life he says: "If you were in a Mohammedan country, you would find that a people who care nothing for Sunday regard Friday with the deepest reverence. You would find that while you drink wine and eat swine's flesh, they regard both with equal aversion and horror. Now they were differences somewhat like these which embarrassed the progress of the early Church. There were numberless rites and customs, licenses and indulgences, which had no moral quality in themselves—for there can be no moral issue involved in the question whether a man nourishes himself with beef or bacon, so long as the bacon is honestly paid for."

The tedium of Congressional proceedings is occasionally enlivened by a little honest hilarity. The debate on that gigantic swindle the River and Harbor Appropriation Bill brought out several good hits, and Congressman Cox, who opposed it with great ability, was at his best throughout. Alluding to the fact that Kentucky got a good slice, Mr. Cox said: "The gentleman from Kentucky [Mr. Turner], whose character I reverence, and who sits before me—Kentucky, that has nothing but a few local streams, that one of its members said only required improvement by macadamizing [*laughter*]—how much does my friend get in this bill? Three hundred and four thousand dollars!"

A manly incident occurred a few days since during the trial of Cadet Whittaker. Cadet Ostheim, on being examined by Professor Greener, of West Point, was asked, "Why did you affirm instead of swearing on taking the stand?"

"I preferred to do so," was the answer.

"Have you any race or religious scruple?"

"It is the custom to affirm among my people."

"What is your people?"

"I am a Jew, sir."

"Ah!" said the professor, "are you not aware that a prejudice similar to that which exists against Whittaker's race has existed against your own race for ages, and still exists, and that that fact should make you superior to such feelings?"

Cadet Ostheim's prompt reply was creditable to his manhood. "I do not care," said he, "to discuss my race in this case, unless it has a pertinence I do not at present discern."

He was not further pressed.

Between 1200 and 1300 dogs, says the London *News*, have been entered for the dog show at the Alexandra Palace. The principal classes are made up as follows: 27 blood-hounds, 84 mastiffs, 91 St. Bernards, 22 Newfoundlands, 22 deer-hounds, 42 pointers, 92 setters, 53 retrievers, and nearly 100 spaniels, including a good entry for the best team. Fox-terriers are, as usual, very strong classes, and number altogether 180, including 50 wire-haired ones. Dachshunds number 52, but Bassets show a slight falling off, as only 11 are entered. Sheep-dogs seem as popular as ever, and 86 names will be found in the catalogue. Pomeranians (9) and poodles (11) are both small classes, but the bull-dogs and bull-terriers are both about up to the usual standard of numbers; there are 46 of the former breed, and 32 of the latter. Bedlingtons number 12; Irish terriers, 32; black-and-tan terriers, 36, including one class of 25; Skyes, 17; Scotch terriers, 12; dandies, 23; pugs, 50; toy spaniels, 20; toy terriers, 14; and 32 litters of puppies.

DISASTROUS FLOODS.

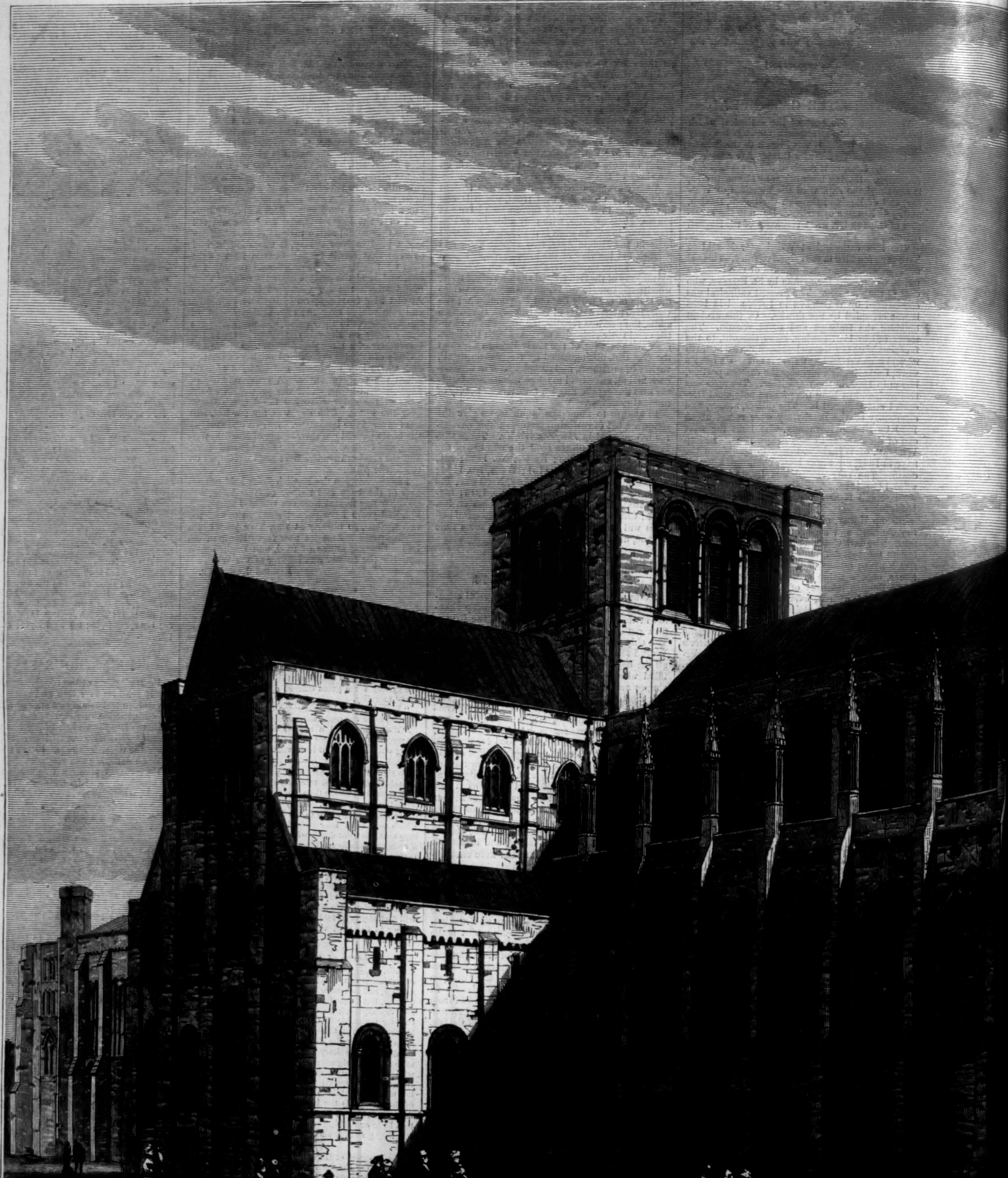
FROM all parts of the country come accounts of heavy freshets in rivers and streams, caused by the sudden melting of vast accumulations of snow. The destruction of property has been great, and although happily no loss of life has yet occurred, many families have been driven out of their homes along the water-courses, and have been subjected to much suffering and sickness.

We present pictures this week showing the devastation caused by floods in Washington and Toledo. On Saturday, February 12, the ice masses floating down the Potomac lodged against the Long Bridge, forming a dam which almost closed the Washington channel, and threw the water in a broad sheet along the former course of the old canal almost to the foot of the Capitol. When the flood was at its greatest height, it extended, on some parts of Pennsylvania Avenue, to the building line on the north side—a circumstance which had never been known before. The market people, who were driven from the market-house in the morning, and located on Pennsylvania Avenue, between Seventh and Ninth streets, were many of them forced to leave their places, for after night-fall the water made a canal of the avenue, and it was no unusual sight to see flat-bottom boats, some of them conveying as many as ten or twelve persons, rowed over the avenue.

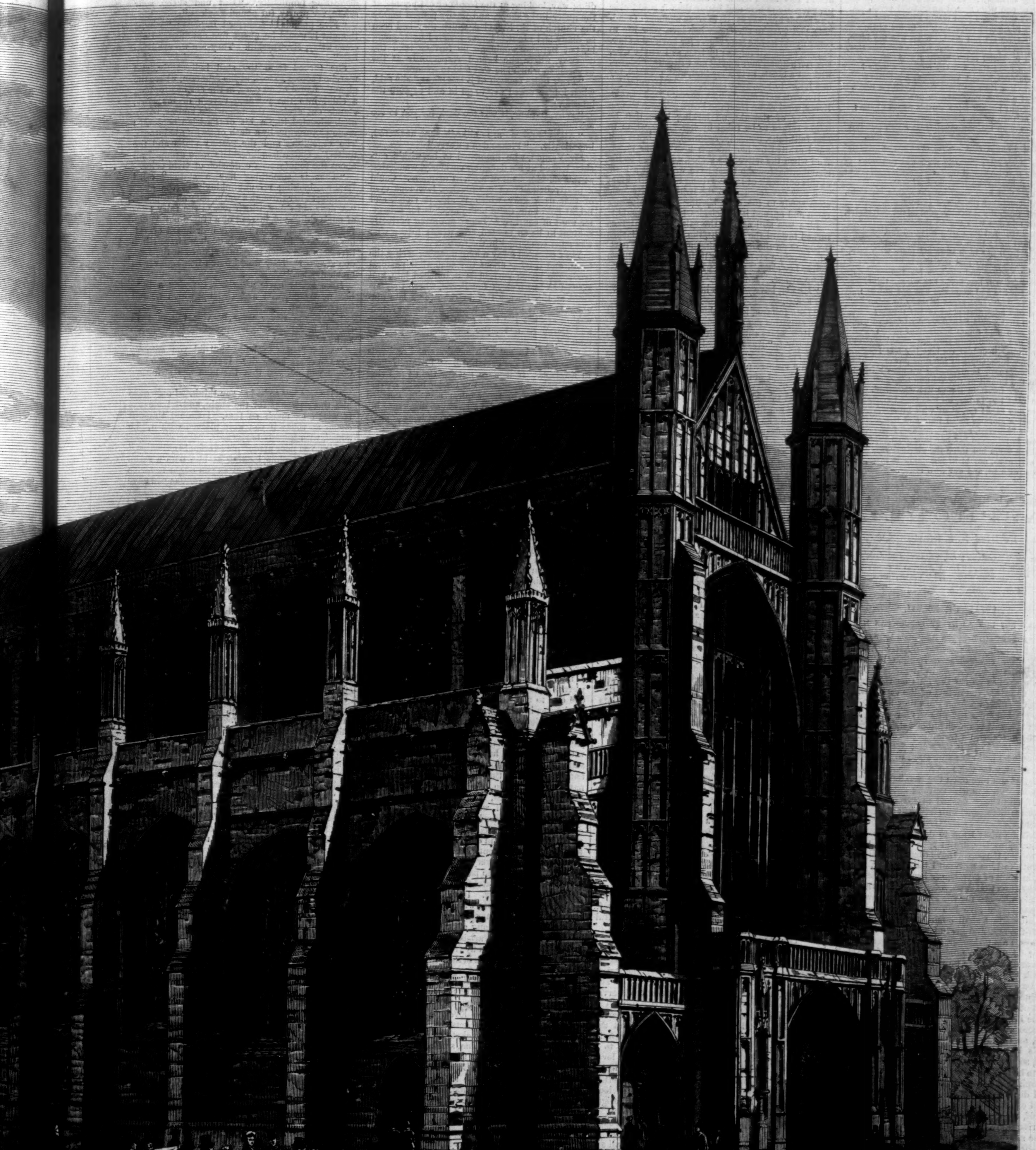
The sight along the river-front was a novel one. A promiscuous line of steamboats, schooners, sail and row boats, wedged in with ice, broken piles, wharf planks, and wood and coal, extended from the arsenal grounds to the Long Bridge, while all the way across the river, and as far as one could see down stream, nothing but a jagged surface of ice was visible, dotted in with drift-wood, timbers, stumps of trees, etc., which had come down from above.

Shortly after night-fall on the 12th, it was evident that the Long Bridge must give way. Loud cracking sounds were heard from where the ice was bearing most heavily against the structure, and about half past eight the catastrophe took place. Three spans of the bridge floated off on an immense pack of ice to a distance of about four hundred yards, where the pack grounded and remained fast.

The flood at Toledo, Ohio, was even more disastrous. The damage is estimated at more than $2,000,000. All the bridges over the Maumee River, four in number, were swept away, and railroad communication was suspended on all the lines but one. The grain elevators were flooded to a depth of from four to six feet, and the wholesale stores near the river suffered the loss of everything contained in their basements. The cellars of many private houses were completely flooded. Several schooners which were lying in the river above the town broke loose from their moorings at an early stage of the flood, and went crashing through the bridges, carrying them away, one after the other, as if they had been built of straw. Our sketch on page 148 shows the scene as it appeared soon after the vessels had broken through the bridges.



ENGLISH CHURCH ARCHITECTURE, No. 14



No. 14—[W]INCHESTER CATHEDRAL.—[See Page 151.]

OUR WASHINGTON.

To sing thy birthday? That perchance were wise
In case of one who, passed away from earth,
Had needed that some poet strain should rise
To teach the world remembrance of his birth.
But thou!—thou art not dead. What was thy form,
Thy glance, thy voice, to that which still remains,
Thine own immortal spirit, breathing, warm,
The living flood that fills thy country's veins?
What is the dust Mount Vernon's valley holds?
Nothing. For thee no hand could build a tomb.
Thou hadst a natal hour such as unfolds
A light from heaven upon earth's awful gloom;
But that of thee which human was, and wore
Man's common stature, fades from sight, and lies
Extinct before the Thought that, towering o'er,
Repudiates aught that mortal is and dies.

Thou hadst no self; thy sole wish was to serve;
The star that beckoned thee shone with such might
That trivial honors, such as men reserve
For those they love, were naught within thy sight.
Thou hadst another thought, a clearer aim,
Toward which thy matchless soul might well aspire,
A radiant mistress who thy all did claim,
And one that fed thee with celestial fire.
Thyself wert lost; thou only livedst in her,
And she from her high state did mate with thee,
Till now the worship that our hearts confer
Is shared by thee and glorious Liberty.
Oh, thou didst win her, made her wholly thine,
Gave her a life and hope she had not known;
The sceptre thou didst scorn is made to shine
Now as the mightiest pillar of her throne;
The crown that would have done thy forehead wrong
Gleams as a halo round her radiant brow;
The boon she gained from thee has made her strong.
And we obey thee that we love her now:
Ay, we obey thee!—not to place or power
Our homage now is given—for we have learned
What, in the tumult of thy warlike hour,
Thy clearer foresight for us well discerned.
As thou wert lost in her, we lose thee too,
Soldier and sage! for, blent with Liberty,
Thou liv'st a glorious spirit pure and true,
Like her immortal, sentient, godlike, free.
No hymn is raised to her but thou dost share,
No altars flame but thine the glorious ray,
Our Washington, nor birth nor death is there,
Forever with us, and our own alway.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Barbara; or, Splendid Misery," "A Strange World," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Vixen," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I MAY NOT DON AS EVERY PLOUGHMAN MAY."

A chambermaid brought Daphne a letter at half past six o'clock next morning. After a night of almost utter sleeplessness, Daphne had fallen asleep in the summer sunlight, the warm air blowing in upon her across the hills on the opposite side of the river, the noises of the early awakened town floating up from the valley below.

She started from her pillow, scared and agitated at the sound of the chambermaid's knock, and took the letter with a trembling hand. Gerald's writing! She knew it too well; yet this was the first letter he had ever addressed to her.

"How dare he write to me?" she exclaimed, angrily, as she tore open the envelope.

The letter began with no fond words of endearment. The writer dashed at his meaning with passionate directness, with feeling too intense to be eloquent.

"Tell me what I am to do. After last night, my future, my life, are in your hands. Both belong to you, if you will have them. Shall I break the truth to Lina? Shall I tell her how, little by little, in spite of myself, my heart has been weaned away from that calm, sweet affection which was once all-sufficient for the joy of life; how a new and passionate love has replaced the old; and that, although I shall honor, respect, and admire her as the first and best of women till the end of my days, I am no longer, I never can be again, her lover? I think, Daphne, that the hard, outspoken, brutal truth may be the wisest and best. Let us look Fate in the face. Neither you nor I can ever be happy asunder. Will the sacrifice of my happiness secure Lina's? Answer me from your heart of hearts, my beloved, as you answered me on the bridge last night."

There was not an instant's doubt in Daphne's mind as to how this letter must be answered. Lina's happiness sacrificed to hers! Lina, so good, so pure-minded, in all things so much above her, to be made miserable, in order that she might triumph in a successful treachery!

"I don't think the most virtuous person in the world could loathe me worse than I should loathe myself, if I were to do this thing," she said to herself resolutely.

She sat down by the open window, wrapped in her loose white dressing-gown, her soft golden hair falling over her shoulders like a veil, her cheeks pale, her eyes heavy, an image of youthful sorrow.

"Not for this wide world," she wrote, answering his question as directly as he had asked it, "not to be completely and unspeakably happy, would I rob my sister of her happiness; not if it could be done without making me a monster of ingratitude, the most treacherous and despicable of women. All you and I have to do is to forget our folly of last night, and to be true, each of us, to the duty we have to do. You would be, indeed, a loser, condemned to pay a life-long penalty for your foolishness, if you could barter such a flower as Madoline for such a weed as me. Be true to her, and you will find your reward in that truth. Do you know how good she is; how priceless in her purity and love; and could you let her go for my sake—for a creature who is compounded of faults and inconsistencies, caprices, self-will; a creature with no more soul than Undine? Remember how long she has loved you; think how much she is above you in the beauty of her character; how fitted she is to make your home happy, your life nobler and better than it could ever be without her. Why, if, in some moment of madness, you were to surrender her love, your life to come would be one long regret for having lost her. Forget, as I shall forget; be true, as I will be true, Heaven helping me; and let me write myself down, without a blush, in this my first, and, perhaps, my last letter to you, your sister, Daphne."

Her eyes were streaming with tears as she wrote. Every word came from the heart. There was no duplicity of thought, no lurking hope that he might refuse to be ruled by her. She wrote to him faithfully, honestly, resolutely, her heart and mind exalted by her intense love of her sister. And when the letter was sealed, and given to the chambermaid—who must have wondered a little at this outbreak of letter-writing before breakfast as a new development in the British tourist—she stole softly to the door leading into Madoline's room and opened it as noiselessly as she could.

Lina was still asleep, the calm beautiful face turned toward the sunlight, the long dark lashes drooping on the oval cheek, the lips faintly parted. Daphne crept to the bedside and sat down beside her sister's pillow. Lina awoke, and looked up at her.

"My pet, have you been here long? Is it late?" she asked.

"Late for you, love. About half past seven. I have only this moment come in."

"How white and haggard you look," said Lina, anxiously. "Have you had a bad night?"

"I did not sleep particularly well. I seldom can in a strange place."

"Daphne, I am afraid that you are ill—or unhappy. There was something in your manner last night that alarmed me."

"I am not ill; and I have not felt so happy for a long time as I feel this morning."

"Why, dearest?"

"Because I have been making good resolutions, and I mean to act upon them."

"Would it be too much to ask what they are?"

"Oh, a general determination to be very obedient to you, and very respectful to my father, and very tolerant of Edgar's stupidities, and all that kind of thing, don't you know."

"My darling, I can't bear to hear you talk of Edgar like that. He is so thoroughly good."

"Yes," sighed Daphne, with an air of resignation. "If there were only a little rift in his goodness, I should get on with him so much better. It is dreadful to have to deal with a man whose excellence is always putting one to shame."

"I think you could easily be worthy of him."

"No, I couldn't; and if I could, I wouldn't. And now I must run away and dress, for I want to explore those hills over the way before breakfast."

She looked bright and fresh and full of youthful energy an hour afterward, when she went down to the sitting-room, where Edgar was loafing about wearily, longing for her to appear. Her neat travelling gown of darkest olive cashmere, and coquettish little olive green toque, set off the pearly tints of her complexion and the brightness of her loosely coiled hair. She came into the room buttoning a long Swedish glove, the turned-back sleeve showing the round white arm.

"What a fetching get-up," said Edgar, who was apt to embellish his speech with those flowers of slang which are in everybody's mouth; "but what is the use of those long gloves tucked away under the sleeves of your gown?"

"No use," answered Daphne; "but they're fashionable. I want you to come and ramble on that hill over there, before breakfast. Do you mind?"

"Mind!" cried Edgar. "You know I am always delighted to walk with you. But I say, Daphne, what was the matter with you last night? You were so cross."

"I know I was; but I am never going to be cross again. I am going to turn over a new leaf. I have been wild and willful, but I am not willful now."

"You are always the dearest and best of girls," answered Edgar, fatuously.

They passed Gerald Goring on the stairs. Daphne gave him a friendly nod, just the easiest salutation possible; but her cheek paled as she went by, and her reply to Edgar's next observation was somewhat wide of the mark.

He talked Baedeker to her as they went across the bridge; and he talked Baedeker about the watch-towers; and still again Baedeker when, in the course of their wanderings, they came to a chapel on a height from whence there was a lovely view, exquisitely beautiful in the clear, calm summer morning. They roamed about together till it was time to go back to the ten-o'clock breakfast, by which hour Sir Vernon had resigned himself to the ordeal of facing his family.

After breakfast there came more sight-seeing, Sir Vernon having decided upon going on to Berne by a late afternoon train. So they all set out together in a roomy landau to explore town and neighborhood. They went into the arsenal, where a funny old man in a blue blouse showed them ancient and modern gunnery. They saw the venerable lime-tree which stands in front of the Town-Hall and the Rathhaus, propped up with wood and stone; a tree which, according to tradition, was originally a twig borne by a young native of Fribourg when he arrived in the town, breathless from loss of blood, to bring the news of the victory of Morat. "Victory!" he gasped, and died.

Gerald, more than usually cynical this morning, declined to believe in either the twig or the heroic messenger.

"I always shut my mind against all these romantic stories upon principle," he said, languidly. "The outcome of all modern research—Mr. Brewer, and all the rest of it—is to prove that none of these delightful traditions has a germ of truth in it. It saves a great deal of trouble to begin by not believing them."

They went about the town in rather a dawdling way, looking at the fronts of old houses, at the queer little shops, and finally paused before the church of St. Nicholas, which they had seen so dimly last night. Edgar insisted upon going in, but Daphne would go no further than the doorway, where she looked respectfully at the bass-reliefs which she was told to admire.

"I saw quite enough of it last night," she said, when Edgar urged her to go in and explore the interior.

"Why, Daphne, it was too dark for you to see anything."

"All churches are alike," she answered, impatiently. "Please don't worry."

Sir Vernon, who happened to be within ear-shot, looked at his daughter curiously, wondering at this development of modern manners. Could a pearly delicacy of complexion, luminous eyes of that dark gray which is almost violet, and bright gold hair, quite make amends for this utter want of courtesy? Edgar appeared perfectly content to be so treated, and it was Edgar who was most concerned in the matter.

They dawdled away a long morning seeing the town, and driving about the somewhat pastoral landscape which surrounds it, lunched late, and started at five o'clock for Berne, where they arrived at the Berner Hof in time for a late dinner. Daphne grumbled a little on the way, protesting against the landscape between Fribourg and Berne as a relapse into English pastoral scenery.

"What do I want with meadows and orchards and cottages?" she exclaimed. "I can see those in England. If it were not for the cows living on the ground-floor, and the fodder being carried up to the roof by those queer slanting covered ways, there wouldn't be a shade of difference between the houses here and those at home, except that these are ever so much dirtier."

"You ought to have come a few million years ago, when Switzerland was one vast ice-field," said Gerald.

The Berner Hof pleased Sir Vernon by its spaciousness and air of English comfort, but it impressed Daphne as a hotel which would have been more in keeping with Liverpool or Manchester.

"I had quite made up my mind that in Switzerland we should stop at wooden chalets perched upon mountain ledges, with an impending avalanche always in view, and the 'Ranz-des-Vaches' sounding in the distance all day long."

"There are such hostelries," answered Gerald; "but I think if you found yourself at one of them, you would be rather inclined to wish yourself at the Berner Hof or the Beau Rivage."

Next day was the first Tuesday in the month, and the date of the monthly market—a grand assemblage of small dealers from the adjacent country.

They all went out directly after breakfast, and proceeded straight to the noble central street, a mile in length, which, under various names, pierces the town in a straight unbroken line from one end to the other. Very old and quaint are the houses in this long street, many of them built over arcades, under which the foot-passengers walk, and between whose arches the market people set out their stalls. The drapery stalls, gay with many-colored handkerchiefs fluttering in the summer air; the jewellers' stalls, all twinkling and flashing with that silver trinketry which is a national institution, chains of endless length, necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, glittering in the sun; stalls loaded with fruit and vegetables; stalls of gaudy-colored pottery, jugs and jars of queerest, quaintest shapes; and up and down the stony street cows and oxen being led perpetually, meek, submissive, gentle, beautiful, in an endless procession; while every here and there under a countryman's cart the patient dogs of burden lay at rest, placid but watchful, faithful guardians of the master's property. It was a scene of picturesque and national life which pleased Daphne immensely. She had never seen such a market before, never seen so long a street, except the monotonous length of a Parisian boulevard as she was being jolted along in a fly from station to station. Here she saw the people in their national costume; here Switzerland seemed really Swiss.

She flew from stall to stall, admiring, selecting, bargaining, wanting to buy a barrowful of red and orange pots and pans.

"They would look so lovely in the corridor at South Hill, on high brackets," she said.

"I'm afraid the brackets would have to be very high," answered Lina, smiling at her.

"I suppose you mean that for a sneer," retorted Daphne, "but if Mr. Burne-Jones, or Mr. Rossetti, or Mr. Morris, were to say those pots and pans were the right thing, there would be an eruption of them over the walls of every fashionable room in England. I consider them positively lovely. And as for the silver chains, I shall never live without one round my neck."

"Come and make your selection," said Edgar, pointing to one of the biggest and grandest stalls in the open place near the famous clock tower, where the cock was to crow, and the figure of grim old Time was to turn his glass, and all manner of wonderful things were to happen before the striking of the hour. This stall showed the best array of silver trinketry which they had seen yet, and the country people were clustered about it gazing at the bright new silver, and a good deal at golden-haired Daphne in her creamy Indian silk gown, a radiant figure under a creamy silk umbrella.

"Choose the prettiest, Daphne, and wear it for my sake," said Edgar, with his portly leather purse in his hand, an English pigeon offering himself up to be plucked.

"Combien?" he asked, rather proud of his readiness with a foreign language, pointing to the handsomest of the chains, a cluster of many chains, about three yards long.

"Wie viel?" asked Daphne, with a compassionate glance at her affianced.

"It is ver sheep," answered the vender, with a disgusting familiarity. "Gut und sheep, sehr schön, ver prurty, fuf pound Englees."

"Five pounds!" screamed Daphne; "why, I thought it would be about five shillings. Pray come away, Mr. Turchill. They see we are English."

She turned from the stall indignantly, and marched across to look at the fountain, where the gigantic figure of an ogre, in the act of dropping a child into the yawning cavern of his jaws, stands out against the tall white houses, balconied, jalousied, like a bit of Parisian boulevard made picturesque by a dash of Swiss quaintness. The vegetables and the pottery stalls and the fluttering cotton handkerchiefs were grouped all about the fountain—a confusion of vivid color.

"That is something like a statue," cried Daphne, looking up unblinkingly at the giant grinning at her through a warm, hazy atmosphere. "A dear old thing, which recalls the fairy tales of one's childhood, instead of a stupid old Anglo-Indian general, whom nobody ever heard of, riding a tame old horse. Why don't we have Kindlifressers and other fairy-tale statues in the London streets? They would make London ever so much livelier."

Here Edgar came after her, carrying a little box neatly papered and tied up, which he put into her hand.

"May you never wear heavier fetters than these!" he said, having composed the little speech as he came along.

"What!" she exclaimed; "did you actually buy the chain, after all? Well, I do despise you. Could you not see that the man was swindling you?"

"He was not so bad as you think. I only gave him three pounds for the chain, and I believe it is worth as much as that. I should think it cheap at thirty if you were pleased with it," he added, with homely tenderness.

"Oh, you poor predestined victim to extortion," exclaimed Daphne, looking at him with a serio-comic air. "Such a man as you ought never to go about without a keeper. However, as you have been so good as to allow yourself to be fleeced for my sake, I accept the chain with pleasure, and will wear it as the badge of my future captivity."

She shot a swift side-glance at Gerald as she spoke, curious to see how he took this direct allusion to an engagement which it had been her habit to ignore. He was standing looking listlessly along the street, interested neither in man nor woman; but though he had an air of utter vacancy, eyes that saw not, ears that heard not, she detected a quiver of lip and brow which showed her that the shot had gone home.

Sir Vernon had gone to the museum to look at the pictures, leaving the young people free to go where they pleased until dinner-time. They went up and down the arched ways, looking at the shops and stalls, the country people, the dogs, the cattle; then turned aside from this busy thoroughfare, where all the life and commerce of the canton seemed to have concentrated itself, to explore the dusky cathedral, where all was silence and coolness and repose. There was one great disappointment for Daphne. The grand panoramic picture of the Alps, for which the minster terrace is celebrated, was not on view to-day. The mountains hid themselves behind a gauzy veil, a warm vapor which thickened the air above the old city.

"I can't think what I have done to offend the Alps," said Daphne, petulantly. "They seem to bear a grudge against me. They wouldn't show me their frosty pows at Geneva, and they won't at Berne. I am not going to break my heart about them, however. Please let us get the cathedral over as fast as we can, and go and look at the bears. I am dying to see the live bears; for I have seen so many inanimate ones in stone and wood and iron, that my mind seems stuffed with bears."

They were standing in the open square in front of the cathedral, looking up at the bronze statue of Rudolph von Erlach, with the four bears at its base. They went into the church presently and admired the fifteenth-century stained glass, the sculptured Pietas, and the choir stalls. As they were leaving the church they saw a man and woman going quietly into the vestry, preceded by the minister in his black gown.

"A wedding, evidently," whispered Edgar to Daphne. "Wouldn't you like to see a Swiss wedding?"

"Do you think they are going to be married? What a sober idea of a wedding! I should have thought it would have been like a scene in an opera."

An inquiry of the verger proved that it was really a wedding, so they all crept quietly into the spacious vestry, and stood in the background while the priest tied the knot, according to the Calvinistic manner.

It was not a grandiose or thrilling ceremonial, yet there was a certain sober earnestness in its very simplicity. The rite, shorn of all ornament, was a religious rite performed with all the grave business-like straightforwardness of a civil agreement. Matrimony thus approached wore a somewhat appalling aspect: no sweet harmony of boyish voices trilling a bridal hymn; no burst of organ music exploding suddenly in the crashing chords of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"; only a man and woman standing before a priest in a bare stony vestry; a priest who interrogates them coldly with his eyes on his book, very much as if he were hearing them their catechism. The man had a dull, indifferent look, and there was that in the bearing and appearance of the dowdily dressed woman which hinted that the marriage was an after-thought.

Daphne shuddered as she came out of the cold, sunless vestry.

"That is not my idea of a quiet wedding," she

said. "Please let us go to the bears; I am dying to see something cheerful."

They went back to the crowded arcades, the stalls, the processional cattle, and all the life and bustle of a monthly market, and down the whole length of the street, till they found themselves on a bridge that spanned a deep hollow between two hills. On one side of the bridge they looked down into the cattle market, where a multitude of blue blouses of every shade and tone, from the vivid azure garment bought yesterday to the faded and patched coat of age and poverty, mixed up with the brown, and cream, and roan, and dun of the cows and oxen, made a wonderful harmony in blues and browns. On the other side there was the famous bear-pit, where half a dozen mangy-looking animals are maintained in a state of inglorious repose for the honor of the city. The bear is not a handsome or a graceful animal, nor does his woolly front beam with intelligence. Yet he has a look of ponderous benevolence, a placid air of being nobody's enemy but his own, which commends him to those who enjoy his acquaintance only at a distance. He is fond of being fed, and has an amiable greediness which brings him in direct sympathy with his patrons. There is something childish, too, and distinctly human in his love of buns, to say nothing of his innate aptitude for dancing. These qualities are liable to distract the judgment of his admirers, who forget that at heart he is still a savage, and that his hug is mortal.

Daphne had provided herself with a bag of cakes, and immediately became on the friendliest terms with three ragged-looking Bruins who were squatting on their haunches, ready to receive the favors of an admiring public. She would not believe Baedeker's story of the English officer who fell into the den, and was killed by these woolly monsters after a desperate fight for life.

"I couldn't credit anything unkind of them," she protested. "See how patiently that dear thing waits, with his mouth wide open, and how dexterously he catches a bit of roll."

Even the delight of leaning upon a stone parapet to feed bears in a not too odoriferous den must come to an end at last, and Daphne, having had enough of the bears, consented to get into a roomy open carriage which Gerald had found while she was dispensing her favors, to the admiration of half a dozen country people, who were leaning lazily against the parapet, and wondering at the beauty of the two English girls in their cool, delicate-hued raiment.

There was plenty to admire in the neighborhood of Berne, albeit the Alps were in hiding, and after a light luncheon at a confectioner's in one of the arcades, they drove about till it was time to dress for dinner.

They started early on the next afternoon for Thun, and between Berne and Thun the Jungfrau first revealed herself in all her virginal beauty—whiter, purer than all the rest of the mountain world—to Daphne's delighted eyes. Never could she take her fill of gazing on that divine pinnacle, that heaven-aspiring mount, rising above a cluster of satellite hills, like Jupiter surrounded by his moons.

"If you told me that on that very mountain-top Moses saw God, I should believe you," cried Daphne, deeply moved.

"I am sorry to say the pinnacle on which Jehovah revealed himself to his chosen mouthpiece is a shabby affair in comparison with yonder peak—a mere hillock of seven thousand feet or so," said Gerald, looking up from the day before yesterday's *Times*.

"You have seen it?"

"I have stood on Serbâl, and Gebel Mousa, and Ras Sasâfeh, the three separate mountain-tops which contend for the honor of having been trodden by the feet of the Creator."

"How delightful to have seen so much of this world!"

"And to have so little left in this world to see," answered Gerald. "There is always the reverse of the shield."

"It will make it all the pleasanter for you to settle down at Goring Abbey," said Daphne, assuming her most practical tone. "You will not be tormented by the idea of all the lovely spots of earth, the wonderful rivers and forests and mountains which you have not seen, as Edgar and I must be at dear old Hawksyard. But we mean to travel immensely, do we not, Edgar?"

Another distinct allusion to her coming life, the near approaching time when she and Edgar would be one. The squire of Hawksyard smiled delightedly at this recognition of the bond.

"I am sure to do whatever you wish, and go wherever you like," he answered; "but I am tremendously fond of home—one's own fireside, don't you know, and one's own stable."

"And one's own china closet, and one's own linen presses," added Daphne, laughing; "and one's own jams and pickles and raspberry vinegar. Are not those things numbered among the delights of Hawksyard? But I mean you to take me to the Amazon, and when we have thoroughly done the Andes, we'll go over the isthmus of Panama, and across Mexico, and finish up with the Rockies. They are only a continuation of the same range, don't you know—the backbone of the two Americas."

Edgar laughed as at an agreeable joke.

"But I mean it," protested Daphne, with her elbow resting on the ledge of the window, and her eyes devouring the Jungfrau. "We are going to be a second Mr. and Mrs. Brassey in the way of travelling."

Mr. Turchill looked somewhat uncomfortable, moved by the thought of a hunting-stable running to seed at home, while he, a poor sailor at the best of times, lay tossing in some southern archipelago, all among dusky islanders, and reduced to a fishy and vegetable diet. If Daphne were in earnest, the sacrifice would have to be made. Upon that point he was certain. Never could he resist that capricious creature; never could he deny her a pleasure, or beat down her airy whims with the sledge-hammer of common-sense.

"I believe we shall be one of the most foolish couples in Christendom," he said, aloud; "but I think we shall be one of the happiest."

"A girl must be very hard-hearted who could not be happy with you, Edgar," said Madoline, looking at him with a frank sisterly smile. "You are so thoroughly good and kind."

"Ah, but goodness and kindness don't always score, you know," he replied, with a laugh in which there was just a shade of sadness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TORN BANK-NOTE.

TATTERED and dirty, yet a welcome guest
In bravest company and in stateliest hall,
Nor scorned by most fastidious of them all;
By daintiest jewelled finger kindly pressed,
Though soiled from grimy factory or stall:
Purveyor of the banquet and the ball,
And poor man's loaf; prince like a beggar dressed!
Meseems from thee some words of warning fall,
Since sovereign worth can show itself so small,
To value not the virtue by the vest:
A workman's garb may clothe a royal breast,
A dim dull scabbard hide a weapon keen,
The shrine may glow behind a curtain mean,
And hands of horn disguise a king or queen.

THE CASE OF ELIZA BLEYLOCK.

BY SHERWOOD BONNER.

CAPTAIN JAMES PETERS, riding home from a raid into the moonshine counties, stopped at Jared's store, and asked for a drink. A jug was taken from the shelf, and a finger's-length of clear yellow whiskey poured out.

"No moonshine in this sto', you see, Captain," remarked Mr. Jared.

"Humph!" and the Captain's keen eyes glanced toward the loungers in and about the store. "Reckon if I took a notion, I could unearth some moonshine, an' spot some moonshiners not fur off."

"Captain, you mustn't be so suspicious."

"Suspicious? Reckon I shouldn't earn my pay 'f I wasn't. S'picion's mighty good thing for a man-hunter. My game's shy. But I've my eye on mo' than knows of me. Some folks 'll find thar b'ilers smashed when they dunno I'm aroun'."

Silence. Some of the young men shrugged their shoulders. One drawled out at last that he "didn't know as anybody keered three jumps of a louse fur Jim Peters or his threatenin's."

"Come, come," said a cunning-looking old man; "don't let's have no words. We're all peaceful folks, Captain, in this here settlement—powerful peaceful. Ter be sho', we don't like nobody a-foolin' round our business. We come from Carliny more'n a hundered ye'rs ago, an' here we've lived peaceful an' orderly ever sence—a-livin' an' a-dyin' an' a-marryin' an' a-breedin—"

"An' a-learnin' th' use of th' shot-gun," interposed Dick Oscar, quietly.

"I'm a Tennessee man myself," said Captain Peters, "an' I ruther think I know how t' use a shot-gun. An' I've got a rifle—that's a sixteen-shooter."

There was a general movement of interest.

"Let's have a look at it, Captain."

"It don't go out o' my hand. But you can look much 's you please. Ain't she a beauty, now?"

They crowded around, patting and praising the gun as if it were human. And there was a general murmur of assent when old man Welch exclaimed, "Ain't it a pity, boys, ter see sech a rifle as that throwed away on a damned gov'ment officer?"

Captain Peters only laughed. He was very good-humored, this mountain terror, except when, as they would say, his blood was up. Then it was as safe to meet a starving tiger.

"Seems to me 's if the Captain has somethin' on his mind," remarked Mrs. Riggs that same evening.

The Riggses lived at Bloomington, and the Captain and his family were paying them a visit, preparatory to settling in the same place. Mrs. Riggs was a bustling young woman, "born in quite another part of the State," as she would tell you, with an air; "no mopin' mountain blood in *me*." She was the third wife of her husband—a sanctimonious old chap, with his long white beard, the ends of which he used to assist meditation, as a cow chews its cud.

"James Riggs," his wife had said, when he courted her, "it's my opinion you *talked* them two previous women to death; but if you get me, mark one thing, you'll get your match." And he had.

The Riggses were extremely sensible of the honor of having Captain Peters in their house. Dom Pedro and Cetywayo rolled into one could not have been watched with more solicitude. Had not his name been in every paper in the Union, and his portrait in a New York journal? That the eyes of the nation were fixed upon him, Peters himself did not doubt; and it was asserted through the county that he was in close correspondence with the President.

"Jim's been a-broodin'," said Mrs. Peters—a moon-faced woman with dull blue eyes—"ever sence he went inter this business. I've wished time 'n' agin he'd stuck to blacksmithin', for I've suffered a thousan' deaths with him off a wagerin'* over the mountains."

"He was called of the Lord," said Mr. Riggs, "and his hand must not be stayed. The inikity of man *shell* be put down in the land."

"Ye—es," drawled the Captain, "I'm a-goin' to bust up the stillin' business in Tennessee. But I'm plagued about them Jared boys. I can't ketch 'em nohow."

A knock at the door, and a young fellow came in and shook hands eagerly with the Captain. His name was Maddox. Captain Peters had picked him up in Nashville, and employed him "on trial."

"I was jest a-speakin' of the Jareds," he said. "I'm pretty sure they've got a still somewhar. They look me in the eye too powerful innocent to be all right. Now I've got a notion in my head—if I only had anybody I could trust—" Maddox drew himself up, alert, watchful as a listening sentinel. "What can't be done one way, must be done another," said Captain Peters, slowly.

"And rightly you speak," said Mr. Riggs, as he spat out his beard; "it's the Lord's work, an' be done it must, with every wepping known to man."

"I knew it! I knew it, Captain!" cried Mrs. Riggs. "I knew you had somethin' on your mind. You're a-schemin' somethin' great. I see it in your eye."

It remained in the Captain's eye, as far as Mrs. Riggs was concerned, for the Captain took Mr. Maddox out of doors, where they talked in whispers, and Mrs. Riggs berated her lord for having driven them away with his tongue.

A few days later, a peddler stopped at Bleylock's and asked for a drink of water. Old mother Bleylock sent Eliza to the spring for a fresh bucketful, and the peddler, after refreshing himself, opened his pack.

"'Pears 's if we oughtn't ter trouble you," she said, "'cause we can't buy a pin's wuth."

"Jest for the pleasure, ma'am," said the gallant peddler.

The pack was opened, and three pairs of eyes grew big with delight.

"'F you'll wait till par comes, I'll make him buy me that collar," said Janey, the younger of the Bleylock girls.

"P'raps Dick Oscar 'd buy you a present 'f he was here," suggested Eliza.

"If 'tain't makin' too free, I'd like to say I admire Dick Oscar's taste," said the peddler, with an admiring glance.

Janey responded with, "Oh! you hush!" and a toss of her head; and old mother Bleylock said, "The boys most generully always paid Janey a good deal 'f attention."

She possessed a bold prettiness, this mountain pink. Brown-skinned, black-eyed, red-lipped, and a way of dropping her head on her swelling neck, and looking mutiny from under her heavy brows. Eliza was a thin slip of a girl, with a demure but vacant look in her blue eyes, and a shy, nervous manner.

"I'll tell you the truth, ma'am," remarked the peddler to the mother, "you could take these girls o' yours to Nashville, an' people in th' streets would follow them for their good looks. An' that's Heaven's own truth. All yo' family, these two?"

"Lor no; I've got three boys."

"All at home farmin', I s'pose?"

"Yaas."

"Long road to take their crops to market."

"I ain't never heerd no complaint."

"Now 'bout these goods o' mine," said the peddler; "'f you could put me up for a few days, we might make a trade. I'm 's tired 's a lame horse, and wouldn't want nuthin' better'n to rest right here."

"I'd like nuthin' better'n to take you. But th' ain't no use sayin' a word till pa gits home. He ain't no hand fur strangers."

"Well, I won't be a stranger longer'n I can help," said the agreeable peddler. "My name's Pond, Marcus Pond—Nashville boy; but a rollin' stone, you know. I've peddled books an' sewin'-machines, an' no end of a lot of traps ginerally. Fond o' travel, you see; but jest 's steady as old Time. Never drink when I travel; promised my mother I wouldn't."

"'Tis a good thing," said mother Bleylock, with energy. "I do despise to see a fuddled man. Whiskey ain't fit fur nuthin' but ter fatten hogs on."

Father Bleylock came home, and beyond a stare and a silent nod, took little notice of the peddler. He was a tall man, thin, taciturn, and yellow, and with a neck so small that his head presented the appearance of being stuck on with a pin.

He lighted his pipe, and after a soothing interval of smoking, "Peddler'd like to stop over a period," said his wife.

Puff, puff. "Don't see no objection." Puff, puff.

And a gentle hilarity agitated the bosoms that yearned over the peddler's pack.

Mr. Pond, as he had promised, soon ceased to be a stranger. The old man discoursed on the grievances of taxes, and the old woman, after the manner of mothers, talked about her daughters.

"My gals is eddicated," she would say—"been over t' Cookville months an' months a-schoolin'. But, lor! thar's some folks you can't weed the badness out'n, an' Janey's a spitfire, she is. Seems 's if Dick Oscar wants to have her, but he acts kinder curious about it—blow hot, blow cold. Dunno. Now Lizy is different. Can't tell why, less'n 'tis that I went to camp-meetin' an' perfessed a while befo' she was born. Somehow she's always been delicater an' quieter like 'n any of my childern."

The Bleylock boys, easy, rollicking fellows, treated the peddler very much as if he had been a harmless though unnecessary cat about the house, and were surprised when Dick Oscar, dropping in one evening, informed them that they were all a pack of fools for "takin' in a stranger so free and easy."

"Why, I ain't paid no more attention to th' man 'n if he'd a-been a preacher," said Sam Bleylock; "seems 's if th' ain't no harm t' him."

"He's a very God-fearin' man," said Eliza, softly, "an' a powerful reader o' the Bible."

"'F you'll take *my* say so, you'll git quit of him," said Dick Oscar.

"He's got such beautiful taste!" said mother Bleylock. "It's as good 's goin' to th' city to look at his things."

"I see he's been a-dressin' you up," said Oscar, with a sneer at the new ribbons the girls wore round their necks.

Janey sprang up. Her face reddened. In an instant she had torn off the ribbon, and stamped her foot on it. "That's how much I care for him an' his ribbins!" she cried.

"Don't fly quite off the handle," said Mr. Oscar, coolly. Evidently he shared her mother's opinion that Miss Janey was a spitfire.

Poor Janey! She had hoped to please her lover by her scorn of the peddler's gift, but she was coming to the conclusion that he was a hard man to please. She was a passionate young animal, and she had thrown herself into his arms with a readiness that robbed herself of her graces. He liked to sting and stroke her alternately, and was about as unsatisfactory a lover as Janey could have found on the Cumberland. But she liked him, saw with his eyes, thought with his thoughts. Naturally she turned against the peddler, and from this time set herself to watch him.

That harmless young man in the mean time was doing what he could. He wandered about the country, selling such little things as the people could buy, "pumping" the Bleylock boys, and making love to the Bleylock girls. The pumping process was rewarded with about as much success as would attend fishing for a soul through the eye of a skeleton. In the love-making there was more hope.

Janey was accessible to flattery, and encouraged him with little looks of fire. But there was something in her eyes he did not trust, and he was a wary man, the peddler. Besides, she slapped his face when he tried to kiss her. But he soon grew to believe that Eliza—simple, unsuspicious, serious—would be as clay in his hands.

Chance favored Miss Janey. She was bathing, one warm day, in the creek that ran out from the spring, when she saw Eliza and the peddler coming, like Jack and Jill, to fetch a pail of water. Being naked, Janey could not get away; but she slid along to a cool inlet overhung with tree branches, and so hidden, waited for them to do their errand. Of course they stopped to talk.

"That pink ribbon becomes your black hair mightily," said the peddler.

Eliza blushed. "We're just country girls, you know, Mr. Pond; we don't have many pretty things. Seems 's if the boys don't have any money left after buyin' the sugar an' flour an' molasses an' things."

"Meat, I s'pose," said the practical peddler.

"No; we raise our own meat. Pa has a powerful lot o' hogs."

"So!"

"But I expect you don't take much interest in country life, Mr. Pond?"

"Why, my dear"—and Mr. Pond slipped his arm around Eliza—"I'd like the best in the world to settle down in a country just like this. A fellow gets tired trampin' around. But I'd want two things to make me happy."

Eliza looked at him with happy confidence.

"First, a little wife 'at was gentle in her ways, an' a good religious girl, an' one with black hair to set off the pink ribbins I'd buy for her, an' a fleet foot, and a red mouth."

Here Mr. Pond came to a full stop with a kiss.

"And the other thing?" with a bright blush.

The peddler grew practical again. "Well, it's nothin' more'n some way to make a livin'. Now, say I married a sweet girl up the Cumberland, and made a little crop. It's too far to git it to market. I *might* turn it into whiskey, but lately gov'ment's turned meddler, an' is a-breakin' stills right an' left through the country."

"They do hide 'em sometimes," said Eliza, in a half-whisper, "so't a blood-hound could hardly scent 'em. An' a very good business it is, an' the hogs live on the mash."

"Do you know of any such stills, my little darlin'?"

But she drew back a little. "Ef I do know of any," she said, "I've promised not to tell of 'em."

"Not to the man as is goin' to be your husband?"

"Not to him until he *is* my husband." And blushing, but resolute, Eliza filled her pail, and started for the house.

Under the water Janey clinched her hands. "Dick was right," she thought; "and I see his game. He's a spy, and Eliza's a fool."

She knew that she had heard enough to justify her lover in his suspicions, enough to put them all on their guard. A passionate exultation fired her blood as she thought of the service she should render Dick Oscar, his praise, the reward of his rude kisses.

But, alas for Janey! something had ruffled her sweetheart's temper when next they met. Before she could approach the subject of which she was full, stinging words had passed between them.

"Dick," said Janey, hoarsely, "d'ye mean that you're goin' back from your word, that you ain't a-goin' to marry me?"

"Marry hell!" said Mr. Oscar. And he walked off.

"I want to speak t' you," said Janey that night to the peddler. "Can you git up in th' morning befo' th' folks is stirrin'?"

"Of course I can, when it's to meet a gal like you."

Privately he wondered at her pallor and lurid eyes.

Morning came. As the stars were drowsily getting out of the sun's way, Janey and the peddler met by the spring.

"You needn't lie to me," said she, harshly. "I've found you out. You're up the Cumberland spyin' for wild-cat stills. I'll take you to one."

"But, my dear, is this a trap? I'm nothin' but a poor harmless peddler."

"Come, then, my harmless peddler," said the girl, with a sneer, "an' I'll show you somethin' t' make your mouth water."

She struck through the woods, and he followed, alternately blessing and wondering at his luck. What thread led her he knew not. Fallen logs lay in the way, thickets opposed, foliage dense as the massed green in Dewing's "Morning" hid all signs of path, but on she went, easily as if she were illustrating the first line of prepositions in Lindley—above, around, amidst, athwart obsta-

* Wandering.

cles of every kind. And finally, girdled and guarded by trees and rocks, was the hidden still, where the "dull cold ear of"—corn was changed into the flowing moonshine that maketh glad the heart of man.

The peddler could hardly keep back a shout. He had won his spurs. It was a much larger concern than he had expected. Some hogs were rooting about the sodden earth. The monotonous dripping of water mingled with the grunts of these poetic animals.

Janey leaned against a rock, breathing heavily. The peddler thought he would about as soon touch a wild-cat as speak to her. Nevertheless he did.

"B'long t' your folks?" he said.

"'T b'longs to Dick Oscar, an' you know it," said the girl, fiercely. "Now I'm goin' back home."

"You don't know of any more such," said the insatiate peddler, "lyin' round loose up here?—pearls among swine, so to speak."

"I've done enough. An', look here, keep your tongue between yo' teeth. Tell that *I* fetched you here, an' you won't see many more sun-ups with them spyin' eyes."

Mr. Pond was a tolerable woodsman, and he led Captain Peters and his scouts to the mountain still without trouble. They were all there, the Bleylock boys, the father, and young Oscar. They were hard at work, and, surprised, were handcuffed without the firing of a gun.

"SHE LEANED HER HEAD AGAINST A TREE."

Who so crest-fallen as the toiling, moiling moonshiners? Who so jubilant as the long-whiskered Captain? He would have sung a pæan had he known how. As it was, he chewed a great deal of tobacco, and unbuttoned his flannel shirt for expansion.

The prisoners were halted at the Bleylock cabin for baggage and good-byes. They were to be taken to the penitentiary, and would need a change of socks.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza wept and moaned their fate; but Janey was still, brown lids veiling the dull fire of her eyes.

"Janey, my girl," said Oscar, drawing her apart, "I spoke up rough to you t'other day. But don't you mind it. 'Twarn't nuthin' but jealousy."

Her eyes softened. Mountain pinks, as well as some fine ladies, consider jealousy as a tribute to their charms.

"Perhaps I'll never come back," said he.

She seized him by the arm.

"Dick, what can they do t' you?"

"Dunno. Most likely I'll kill somebody tryin' to git away, and be strung."

Janey burst into tears.

"Shouldn't wonder 'f you married one o' the Jareds," he said, piling on the gloom.

"Dick Oscar, I promised to marry *you*, an' *I* don't go back from my word."

"No, an' I don't," cried Dick. "There ain't as pretty a shaped girl as you on the Cumberland; an' if ever I do git back—"

He whispered the rest in Janey's ear, and she clung to him, blushing a deep, deep rose.

"'S jest one thing I want to know," said old Bleylock, as they tramped to Nashville: "how'd you find us?"

The Captain laughed.

"Been entertainin' a peddler, haven't you? Which one o' your gals 'd he make up to?"

"THE PEDDLER COULD HARDLY KEEP BACK A SHOUT."

Father and brothers swore. Dick Oscar nodded to his discernment, with human triumph.

A few days later a young girl walked into Nashville who had never been in a city before. She asked but one question — the way to the Governor's house. That accessible mansion was readily found; doors were swinging open; and, announced by a sleepy darky, Janey Bleylock stood in the Governor's presence.

With a fine and courteous manner that gentleman listened, struck by her figure, her full voice, and passionate eyes. He promised to use his influence with the President to procure a pardon for Dick Oscar, and Janey was allowed to go to the prison with the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of in high circles. Hearts beat warmly in lovely Southern bosoms, and they made a heroine of Janey.

"Why don't you marry here?" said a beautiful enthusiast, who had called to see Janey, and kissed her, "because she knew so well how to love." "Marry here, and I'll give you a wedding dress."

"So we will," said Dick Oscar, when he was out of prison.

And Janey went home a wife, as if the stars had been diamonds, and strung like a larkspur chain for her neck—father, brothers, husband, sheltering her in their love.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza ran to meet them. Eliza thought perhaps some one else would come with them. Had not her lover left her with a kiss and a promise to come back with a gold ring?

The pink ribbon was round her neck. Her lips were parted in a happy, vacant smile.

The old chap whose head looked as if it were stuck on with a pin was in advance. He thrust out his arm as Eliza drew near. "Don't you speak to me!"

"Pappy!"

"Damn your tattlin' tongue! Keep away from my hands!"

The smile had gone; the vacant look spread over the face that turned helplessly to her brothers.

"You ought to be whipped like a nigger," said Sam Bleylock. "What you tell that peddler 'bout Oscar's still for? Might 'a known he was foolin' you."

"I didn't tell where the still was."

"Hoh! you lie too." And her father, passing by, struck her with the back of his hand.

"Shame on you, pappy!" and Janey ran to her sister, over whose lips blood was pouring.

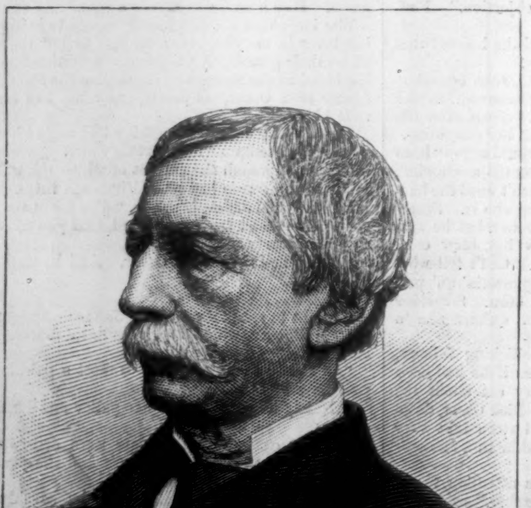
Her husband drew Janey away. "Don't touch her," he said, with a look of disgust; "she ain't fit."

A wild, terrified look swept over Janey's face. Should she grasp at the wind blowing in the tree-tops above her? She caught Dick Oscar's arm, holding it fiercely. Here was something to clasp, to cling to. Her soul shrivelled in her ardent body.

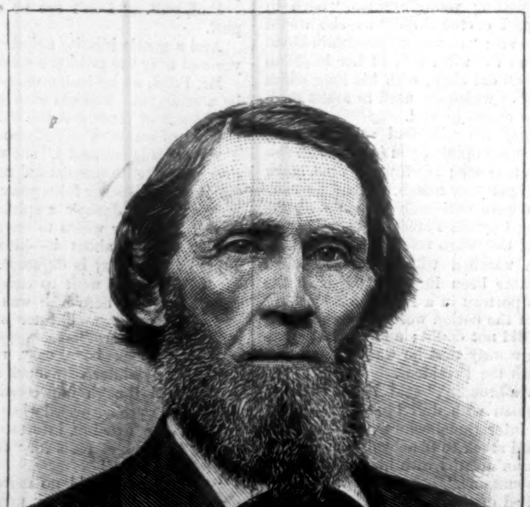
Afterward Eliza Bleylock seemed to wither away. She repeated her denial of having been a traitor, but no one ever believed her. She worked hard, and was used roughly. She had never been strong. Sometimes she stole away and nursed Janey's baby, that seemed to love her. But never when Dick Oscar was at home.

One day, sitting by the spring alone, too weak since a long while to work, she leaned her head against a tree, and with one moan, too faint to startle the singing-birds, she died.

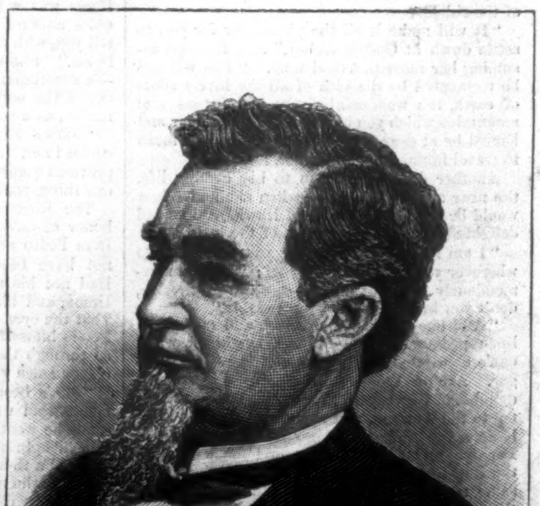
Her mother and Janey dressed her cleanly, and tied about her neck a pink ribbon that they found in her Bible. And she was buried, with very little said about it, in the valley.



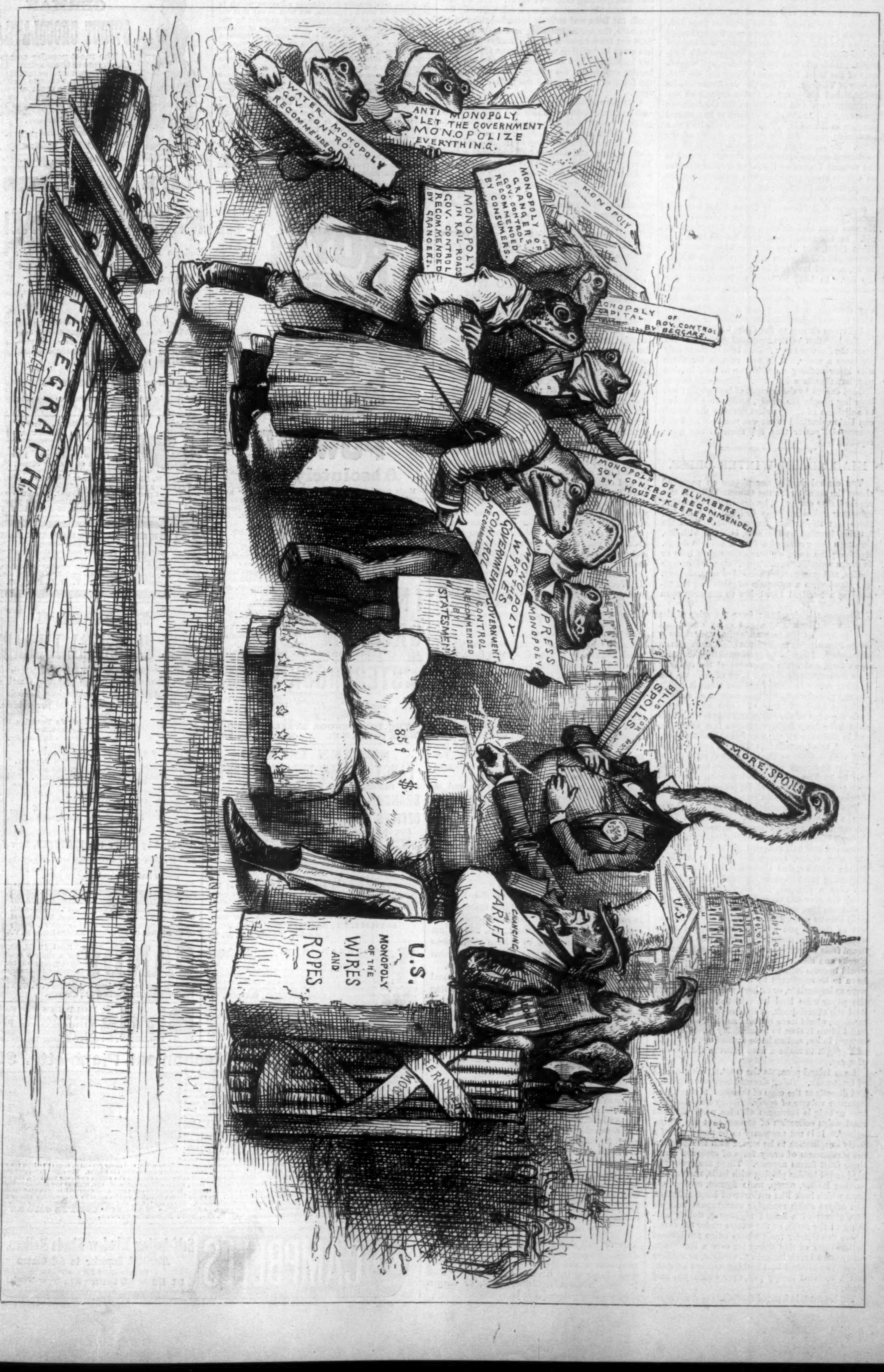
THE LATE HON. FERNANDO WOOD.
Photographed by C. M. Bell.—[See Page 158.]



THE HON. S. B. MAXEY, TEXAS.
Photographed by Fassett.—[See Page 158.]



THE HON. H. E. JACKSON, TENNESSEE.
Photographed by Armstrong.—[See Page 158.]



KING LOG AND KING STORK.

U. SAM (JUPITER). "Look before you leap. I find myself trammelled by the powers behind the throne."

(For further particulars, see Æsop's Fable.)

UNITED STATES SENATORS.

The portraits of two more of the recently elected United States Senators are given on page 156. Howell E. Jackson, of Tennessee, the anti-repudiation candidate of the Democrats, was elected on the thirtieth ballot, after a struggle of a fortnight. He is a lawyer by profession, and a graduate of the West Tennessee College and the University of Virginia. When the war broke out he relinquished his practice, and accepted an appointment to a civil position in the Confederate government. At the close of the war he resumed practice in Memphis. Three years ago he was a prominent candidate for Supreme Judge of the State. He served on the Supreme bench by appointment on two occasions. He was elected to the present Tennessee House of Representatives on a State credit platform, was appointed on the Committee on Elections, and is also a member of the Judiciary Committee.

Senator S. B. Maxey, of Texas, is his own successor, having been re-elected for a second term. He was born in Kentucky, and is fifty-six years old. In his twenty-first year he graduated at West Point, and after serving with distinction throughout the Mexican war, he returned to Kentucky, studied law, and in 1850 was admitted to the bar. In 1857 he went to Texas, and four years later was elected State Senator, but declined, and entering the Confederate service, fought his way through, and came out a Major-General. After the war he resumed the practice of law, and in 1874 was chosen to the United States Senate. On the question of the proposed division of his State, the Senator says: "That talk in Texas only produces a smile. It is well enough for those who know nothing about Texas to talk in that way, but that is a humbug. Texas can not be divided except by the consent of her people; and here her people are wisely, unalterably opposed to a division of the grandest State in the American Union, destined to possess more political and commercial power than any State in this great republic."

NIAGARA IN WINTER DRESS.

The central part of our picture on page 149 shows the scene under the Canada Fall. It was reached, says our artist, by descending through a columnar spiral stairway inclosed in solid ice, three feet thick, from frozen vapor. Even the interior, invaded by the mist, is lined with ice, the steps being covered a foot or more in depth. Reaching the base, we creep through a hole or tunnel, a veritable "needle's eye," chopped through the ice, and emerge upon a world of ice and spray. We stand upon a mountain of glistening ice, extending a hundred feet below to the deep open water.

Enormous icicles hang from the edge of the overhanging rock above, and every crack and crevice has its pendent stalactite, sometimes a long and glistening transparent icicle, and again an assemblage of huge bulging columns weighing tons upon tons, and often supported at the top only by a comparatively slender neck of ice. As the dashing spray is driven against them, it builds strange globulous forms that assume all sorts of fantastic imagery. One of these icicles hung from the edge of the fall near Table Rock, which must have been full seventy-five feet in height, and in diameter all the way from three to fifteen feet. A trip beneath this fall is not unaccompanied with danger, as the slightest thaw is apt to dislodge or release these ponderous masses, and woe be to him who stands beneath. They fall with terrible violence, and go crashing down the icy slope into the torrent beneath.

The view from beneath the Canada Fall was like a dream of fairy-land. We looked from among these weird columns across the river through this ever-present veil of mist that half concealed and half revealed the distant fall. A charming vision, overarched by the luminous double rainbow, and thousands of snowy gulls disporting in the ascending mist. But one can get only a glimpse, for drenching torrents of spray are ever and anon driven in upon you with a violence that takes your breath away, and almost throws you off your feet. Your face is as wet as though you had just been dipped under water, and the unfortunate man who wears a beard feels an ever-growing weight tugging at his cheeks and chin, which in a short space of time would become incased in a lump of solid ice, and have to be supported by the hands. Sketching were as impossible, or rather as useless, as though the paper were held beneath the stream itself. And the sketch-book, at first soaked from cover to cover, would have become as hard as a board had I given it time to freeze. My pencil became incased in ice, and an icicle formed upon its point as I sought to make a note between the showers of spray.

Luna Island presents the most striking effects of frost-work. Being situated between two falls, and directly at the edge of the same, it catches an immense volume of spray. Every semblance of tree or twig is incrusted with ice, presenting the most weird collection of statues that can be imagined. It is not necessary to be possessed of a lively imagination to be struck with the remarkable semblances of every form of creature which these frost forms assume. There are groups of big-headed babies playing with balls, marvellous-looking horses, sheep, nude figures, crosses, objects which look like caricatured human figures, and others which resemble extravagant hobgoblins, ghosts of a horrid nightmare, unlike anything on the earth, or the waters under the earth. There are slender trees whose twigs are incased in bowlders of this snowy ice over a foot thick. Many trees break beneath the weight, and others become so inrobed that nothing appears of them but a rounded lumpy pile, over which you may walk.

The ice cones in front of the "Cave of the Winds" are weird and interesting, with their muffled roar and spouting clouds of spray. The ice has here formed in a series of mountains directly beneath the falls, and entirely hemming them in at the base, the water bubbling and boiling in tumult out from beneath them. Gradually the ice has crept in, building up toward the fall, until it has inclosed it in a cone, and as the insinuating barrier approaches too closely, it is broken off by the force of the water, and the hollow thus kept open.

Grottoes and fairy caves are found in every nook and cranny, any one of which is a marvel of exquisite beauty and strangeness. Crevices between fallen ice become lined and embroidered with a fringe of frost ferns in fan-like spicules white as snow, and flashing with iridescent colors. In every rocky cave the roof is hung with glassy icicles, and the trickling water falling on the ice beneath is fashioned into forms of endless variety and quaintness, sometimes fairly provoking an ejaculation of amazement at the semblance of a tiny creature or group of figures assembled in some dark recess, such as is illustrated under the title of "Frost King and his Court," which, by-the-way, does not exaggerate the actual scene from which it is taken.

THE LATE FERNANDO WOOD.

The death of Hon. Fernando Wood, which occurred at Hot Springs, February 13, was not altogether unexpected. He had been seriously ill for some time with acute rheumatism and kidney troubles, and as a last resort went to Arkansas for treatment. But his case was a hopeless one, and he soon passed away. Mr. Wood was in his sixty-ninth year, and was the oldest Representative, counting by years, in the House. He was born in Philadelphia on the day when President Madison's cabinet decided to declare war against Great Britain in the year 1812. His father and mother were Quakers, and when Fernando was eight years of age, the family removed to this city. Five years later, after a limited schooling, he went to work as an office-boy at two dollars a week. At the age of twenty he had saved enough money to start in a small way as a retail dealer in tobacco and cigars. Subsequently he kept a grocery store in Washington Street. In 1840 he was elected to Congress, where he served for two years in the House. He then returned to business in this city, establishing himself as a shipping and commission merchant in State Street. From this time his success in business was rapid and brilliant, and in 1847 he found himself the owner of eight ships, and making money rapidly. On the discovery of gold in California, in 1848, Mr. Wood fitted out the bark *John W. Cater* with a cargo of merchandise for sale to the miners, and out of this transaction a trial in the courts followed. The California venture was very successful, and Mr. Wood felt himself rich enough after it to retire from business, which he did, investing a large part of his capital in real estate, which has rapidly increased in value since.

In 1854 he was elected Mayor of New York, in 1856 was re-elected, and subsequently legislated out of office; in 1857 was defeated, and in 1859 elected the third time. His second term was marked by his violent resistance to the enforcement of the new charter, and his third by his open avowal of sympathy with the Southern rebellion. In 1862 he was again sent to Congress, where, with the exception of an interval of two years, he has served continuously ever since. For more than five years past he has been Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Wood was six feet high, spare, and as straight as an arrow. His hair was gray, and he wore a mustache as white as snow. He had a pale complexion, regular features, and blue eyes. In his youth he was a remarkably handsome man. He was married three times, and he leaves a wife and four children. His portrait is given on page 156.

ARCHERY.

The Executive Committee of the National Archery Association of the United States is now in session at the office of the Corresponding Secretary, Mr. G. F. E. Pearsall, No. 298 Fulton St., Brooklyn, prepared to receive applications from archery clubs in any State of the Union for admission into the National Association.

As the Grand Annual Meeting of the National will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, during the second week of July, at which none but members of National Clubs will be allowed to compete, it is advisable that applications for membership be made immediately to the Corresponding Secretary, who will afford all necessary information, with copies of the Constitution, By-laws, etc.—[*Com.*]

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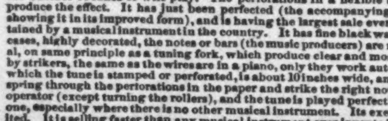

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